

# FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER

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## Mexico.

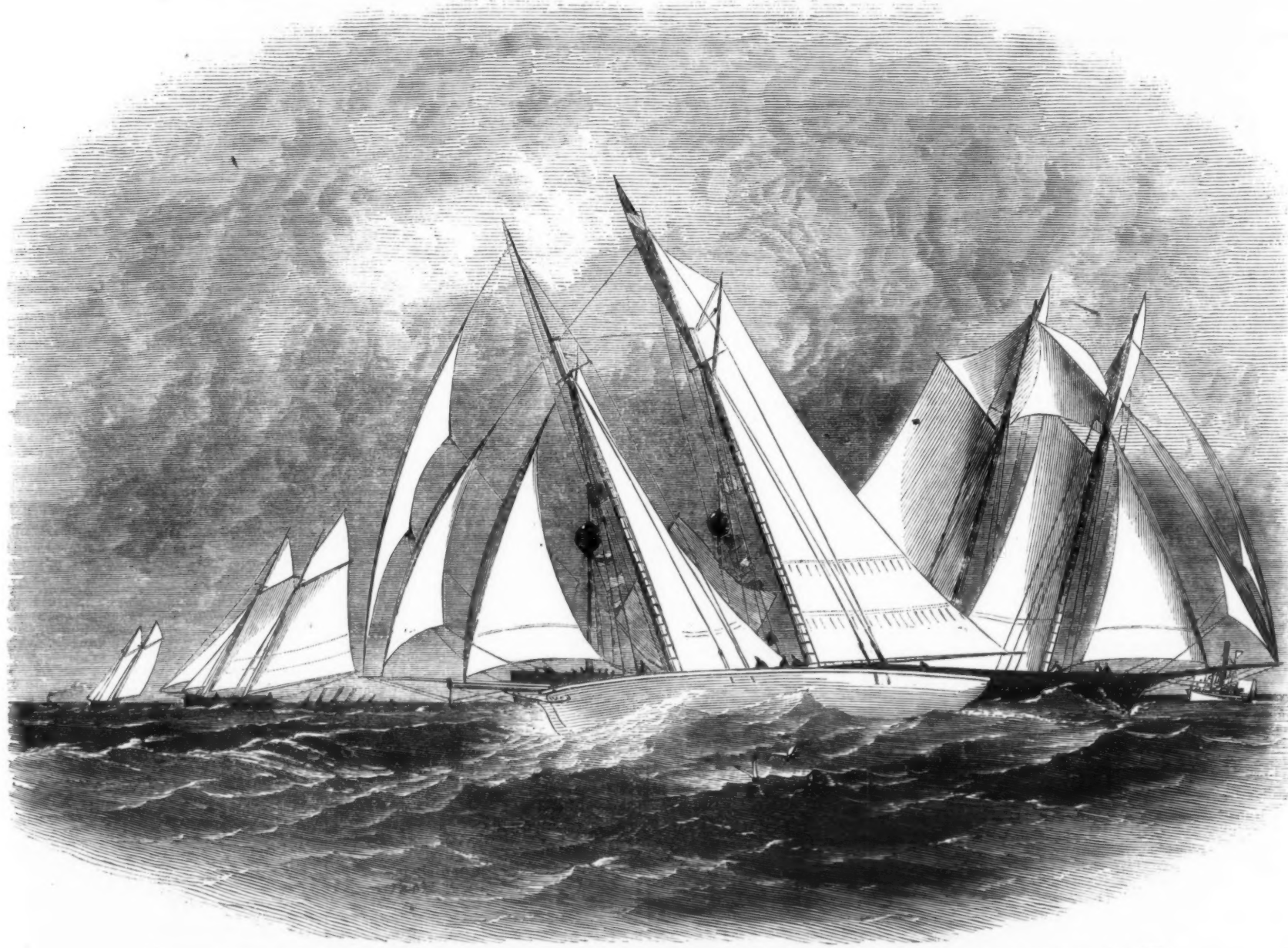
THE want of confirmation of the reports that accompanied the first accounts of the capture of Maximilian and all his forces, namely, that he and all his officers had been shot after their surrender, leads every one to hope that such reports were not true. It is not a little singular that although nearly three weeks have elapsed since the surrender of Queretaro, no authentic account of the disposition made of the prisoners has reached us. All that we can safely assume is that the ex-Emperor's life has, up to the latest dates, been spared, while some of the officers have been shot without even the farce of a trial, and we may even venture further to conclude that as his life was not taken in the first flush of victory, it will, under any subsequent circumstances, be spared. If it should turn out that this much has been granted to the intercession of the United States, some inconsiderate persons may claim this as another triumph of the diplomacy of Mr. Seward. We say inconsiderate, because a slight reflection will show that there can be no credit or honor in having any influence with a gang who can scarcely be restrained from the worst excesses of the most savage Indians. To speak of diplomacy with a (so-called) Court where we have no resident Minister—for although Mr. Campbell says that the reasons for his remaining in New Orleans, and not proceeding to the camp of Juarez, are well known, we cannot find any one who knows them—is a

mere mockery. All that was done was to send a civil message to the semi-barbarous victor in the strife on our Southern frontiers, and, reminding him that all he has, or is, he owes to the United States, draw his attention to the fact that among civilized nations it is not customary to put prisoners of war to death, and that the shooting of Maximilian and his generals after an unconditional surrender would be very displeasing to us. It is not very likely that Mr. Seward would omit the opportunity of pointing out the example of the United States in their conduct toward the conquered in our late civil war, and it is possible that Juarez may consider it a compliment to be supposed capable of appreciating such magnanimity. It is not very pleasant for a respectable person to find out that he is the only friend that a notorious ruffian has, and that when the neighbors want the common decencies of society they come to him to intercede for them. In ordinary life one is rather ashamed of having such an acquaintance, because people of our own standing come by degrees to think that we cannot have got the influence we have by straightforward means. Our character may place us high above suspicion that we are accessory in any way to the rascalities of our ill-conditioned acquaintance, but nothing can be more mortifying to a man's self-esteem than to be met by the casual remark: "How is your friend the murderer?" or, "By-the-by, I see an intimate friend of yours was hanged the other day?"

Circumstances rather than our own tastes have placed us in this position toward Juarez. It would have been much more to our credit if our protégé had behaved a little less like a savage than he has. As far as personal character is concerned, no one, not even the most ardent advocates of republicanism, can pretend to compare Juarez with Maximilian. Unfortunately the latter represented an aggressive principle, hostile to the interests of the United States, and we were obliged to oppose his aims, no matter how amiable and accomplished a personage he might himself be. Unfortunately too for us, Juarez represented the interests we were obliged to uphold. We should like to have dealt with a man of higher character, but such as he was we were obliged to adopt him in adopting his cause, and to receive Mr. Romero at Washington as his representative.

"Like master, like man," is an adage which scarcely holds good in the diplomatic world—luckily for the reputation of the United States abroad—but in the semi-chaotic condition in which the party now dominant in Mexico has been for so many years, it is antecedently probable that its representative abroad will reflect not only the interests of the country, but the characters of its rulers. Certainly Mr. Romero, by the publication of an ill-advised letter, has fully established the *rapprochement* between himself and Juarez, and it is evident that whatever lengths of vindictive cruelty the latter is prepared to go, the former will be ready to de-

fend and justify his acts. Bad things enough have been said in the English language. There exist proclamations which disgrace the age and the men who issued them; but for cool and deliberate savagery, we think this letter of Romero's is unsurpassed. Anticipating that Maximilian will be shot, he justifies it on two grounds: First, that if he lives and returns to Europe, he will be hereafter the focus to which all disaffected Mexicans will resort, and hence he is a standing menace to the tranquility of Mexico. It would be a sufficient answer to this plea, that there is every guarantee in the well-known character of Maximilian that a renunciation of all claims to a throne in Mexico would be faithfully observed for himself and his descendants. Supreme power in Mexico is not such a bed of roses that any European will hereafter be anxious to lie on it, and as for Miramar becoming a centre of designs against Mexico, the probabilities are, that so disgusted is Maximilian with the whole country that has brought such direful woes on him and his, that no Mexican would hereafter be admitted there. The second reason it is almost incredible that any civilized person should have ventured to put on paper; it is, that if Maximilian should not be shot, European nations would think that Mexico was so weak that she did not dare to kill him. In other words, Mr. Romero contends that in order to prove that Mexico is strong, she must be cruel; in order to strike terror, she must cover herself with indelible infamy, and to prove her title to be ad-



THE ANNUAL REGATTA OF THE NEW YORK YACHT CLUB, ON THURSDAY, JUNE 13TH—THE PALMER BOUNDING THE LIGHTSHIP AT SANDY HOOK—SEE PAGE 227.



mitted among civilized nations, she must commit a crime which will fill them with horror and disgust. Mr. Romero's ideas of civilization are on a par with his notions of logic, and we cannot congratulate him on his proficiency in either.

The future career of Mexico it is not difficult to prophecy. Of course Juarez will not long be allowed to enjoy his triumph. Another revolution will be got up, and whether it succeed or not, the usual frightful massacres will follow. Then another, and another, till tired of anarchy and disgusted with the constant and incurable insecurity of life and property, the remaining inhabitants of that fair and unfortunate country will call on the United States to protect them against themselves, and then and not till then will dawn the day of the true regeneration of Mexico.

As we write, the latest accounts on this subject are that a force of a trial is being held over Maximilian and his officers, that the army is very indignant that they may not shoot all these unhappy men, and that Maximilian had submitted a law-point to Juarez, who was searching Wheaton's Treatise on International Law to see if it could be sustained. Poor Maximilian, if his fate turn on Juarez's knowledge or ignorance of the law of nations! That the latter should know any more of law after reading Wheaton, is like the *Herald's* comic dodge of pretending to piety, because—spite of the old adage—it is now near a church.

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537 Pearl Street, New York.

NEW YORK, JUNE 29, 1867.

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## NOTICE.

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## Special Notice.

WITH No. 601 of FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER, we presented No. 1 of National Portrait Gallery, viz., a Portrait of HON. THADDEUS STEVENS, and with No. 605 a Portrait of WENDELL PHILLIPS, being No. 2 of the series. In No. 609 is a full-length portrait of MAJOR-GENERAL SHERMAN.

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## Workingwomen's Union.

The obloquy with which the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals has been assailed, presents a curious case of perversion of both facts and logic. We suppose it ought rather to be attributed to a very general disposition to allow others to think for them, than to real ignorance of the principles of reasoning, that men allow themselves to be deluded by the clap-trap of the hour. Yet nothing is more common than to hear people, who would be angry enough if told that their education had been neglected, chime in with the remark that there are plenty of evils besides cruelty to animals, that this society would do well to remedy. And not in ordinary daily gossip alone, but in the newspapers, one meets frequently with a sneer at the society for not attending to something besides its own business. A special case (let us say) of inhumanity, is brought to light, some starvation of a child, or brutal treatment of a woman, and straightway Mr. Bergh is notified that his time would be better employed in redressing these wrongs, than in prosecuting those committed upon mere animals.

This is only one instance of many of the working of this principle, for we find it cropping out wherever charity extends itself, or good works prevail. It is, in some respects, the application of the old fable of the old man and his son who could not satisfy everybody to their manner of riding their ass, not even when they carried it themselves. Dickens is responsible for having given a humorous name to this tendency to depreciate one good work because it is not something else, and his readers are made to laugh at people who, while kind to the savages at Booroboloh Gha, neglect the sufferings in their own homes.

But as one star differeth from another star in glory, so is it given to each man to fill his own niche in this world, be it high or low. To ridicule men for not being different from what they are, or not doing other work than that which they find suitable to their capacity, is to fail to recognize the workings of Providence, by which every atom has its appointed place. Because the barbarism of slavery excites the sympathies of some men, is that any reason why others should not send the Gospel to the heathen? Shall the Jews not be converted, because some miserable outcasts among us are dying of starvation? Or, to come nearer in our argument, shall horses be tortured without our sensibilities being shocked because the oppression of working girls appeals more closely to our pity? It might be shown that, to a wide extent, the sneer at one kind of philanthropy proceeds from those who sneer at all kinds, and that the people who ridicule Mr. Bergh are not those who are themselves active in works of benevolence having other objects, but those who from selfishness or indifference oppose all charities of whatever kind. There is a freemasonry of the heart superior to sectional differences. Each man in his charities follows the bent of his education or inclinations, and the experience of the world is, not only that it is more blessed to give than to receive, but further, that those who give most, be it money, time, influence, or mere sympathy, are the first to recognize the brotherhood of those who unite with them in disposition, though they differ from them in their aims.

Our only apology for this defense of what may be called the differentiation of charity is, that, although its principle underlies all benevolent associations, it is very frequently overlooked by those who ought to know better. One of the charities of this city has recently vindicated the usefulness of having only a single aim, and by the successful prosecution to conviction of Mrs. Myers, has earned the gratitude of thousands. It is scarcely necessary for us to repeat the details of this case, which has called forth comments more or less severe from every portion of the daily press. Briefly, however, Mrs. Myers is a person who gives out needlework to sewing girls, and as security for proper execution of the work, and for a return of the materials furnished, a deposit in money is exacted, generally far exceeding any possible amount of wages that could be earned. A Miss Boyle applied for work to this woman, received it in the shape of six dozen shirts to be made at the rate of sixty cents a dozen, or five cents each, and she paid a deposit of six dollars under promise of regular work. Not receiving this on the return of her first lot of work, in fact being refused further employment, she demanded the return of her deposit, and this also was refused. Aided by the Workingwomen's Union, she prosecuted Mrs. Myers criminally, and the result has been that Judge Kelly decided it was a case of clear swindling, and sentenced the criminal to six months' imprisonment on Blackwell's Island. The sentence met universal approval, and considering that this case was only one of many against the prisoner which were waiting in court, we think she got off only too cheaply. We regret to have to add that this shameless despoiler of her own sex appears to have some friends, such as most people who like her have accumulated money always have, and these are setting in motion every kind of legal machinery to procure her release. From our knowledge of the courts, our only fear is that they may be successful. Elsewhere we have thought it our duty to draw public attention to the way in which our courts are "manipulated," and no one will be surprised if this creature should be soon again free to renew her infamous trade. We trust the excellent society that carried forward the first prosecution will not be discouraged at the prospect of a new trial. The point at which they will be powerless will be, if on a second trial she be again condemned, and then tries to get the Governor's pardon, granted of late with such fatal facility. Zeno Burnham was released, and everybody knows how much it cost. Young Ketchum is, according to all accounts, on the highway to such preferment. Myers is probably no worse than these, and may besides plead her sex.

This fraud on poor girls who are doing their best to earn an honest livelihood is, we are credibly informed, only one of many which are constantly practiced against them. We do not know how the Workingwomen's Union is supported, and should be glad to know that it is flourishing financially. There is plenty of work before it. The practice not uncommonly followed, of withholding on various pretexts part of the stipulated week's wages, and when the accumulated arrears have become heavy, dismissing the claimant, is one worthy of their attention, meeting as it does, the reprobation of every one. It is only surprising that some stern arrest of such practices has not been made, and we hope that this conviction of Mrs. Myers is only the first step in such direction. The Workingwomen's Union has not a very wide sphere of duties, but it is

one of great usefulness so far as it extends, and if by its interference it rescues only one of its members from grinding oppression destructive to both body and soul, it will effect more good than many of its more ambitious compeers.

## Love of Excitement.

PROBABLY there is no one among the crowds who attend the exhibition of the Japanese acrobats who would not feel very much offended if classified with those who derive gratification from watching the execution of criminals. Yet it is not difficult to trace a strong family likeness between the feverish love of excitement that prompts the attendance on each. The tight-rope performances which delighted our fathers were exhibitions of skill in which little danger to life or limb awaited any unskillful movement. It was at worst a tumble of a few yards, and certainly the personal danger of the performer added no piquancy to his exhibition. It is a curious question how many of the thousands who flocked to see Blondin cross Niagara on a single rope, or crowded the trapezium exhibition of the Hanlons, and now gather in crowds round the Japanese, would give a fig to see one of them if their feats were performed in perfect safety at only a few feet above the ground? Shall we then conclude that the risk to human life is the cause of the popularity of these exhibitions? Perhaps the risk is reduced to a minimum. It certainly is much less than most people suppose, for no one attempts a feat of agility or strength in public, without having rehearsed it in private till perfection is secured. Still, the danger is there, as was painfully proved a few nights ago in the case of the Japanese boy, known to the amusement-loving part of the public as All Right, who met with a fall that, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, must have proved instantly fatal. And the question arises, To what extent does this ingredient of danger, by supplying food for the craving for excitement, form the charm of acrobatic feats? Every one must be familiar with the story of the man who attended Van Amburgh constantly in the expectation some night of seeing the lion bite off the head of the rash man who put it into his mouth. In this case, at least, the motive was honestly avowed. It may be going too far to say that any one visits the Japanese in the expectation of seeing one of them killed; on the other hand, would not a great many stay away if the feats were performed only a few inches above the ground? And if this be so, who shall deny that the peril to the performer forms part of the fascination of his feats. Even schools, and "the young people of both sexes," who endeavor to combine instruction with pleasure, would disdain an exhibition where soaring flights were omitted, and the All Rights trod the air in ignominious security raised only a few feet above the sawdust of safety.

We cannot look upon this fondness for excitement as a propensity that ought to be encouraged. More than this, we are convinced that it springs from a distempered state of the moral feelings. We are told, and there may be some truth in it, that we are living in a state of society highly charged, as electricians say, with the elements of excitement, and these manifest themselves not only in the daily occupations of the people, but are carried into their amusements, which are pleasing only in proportion as they minister to this taste. Some even pretend to see in the prevalence of crime only another phase or outcropping of this love of excitement, and it is not without some plausibility argued that the fevered condition of the nation during the war, the sudden alternations of joy and sorrow, the raising of vast numbers of poor people to affluence, and a corresponding depression of others to poverty, have filled men's minds with uncertainty as to the future, and recklessness as to the present, so that the game of life comes to be looked upon as an affair of gambling, and not one to be fought with the slow and steady energy of patience, honesty and frugality. Of crimes against the person, punishable by law, there appears to be just now an alarming increase, though it may be that the increase is not in number, but that they are prevailing in a circle of society where they attract public attention more forcibly than usual. But of crimes which the law cannot reach, because in fact they are vices rather than crimes, or stand on that debatable ground between the two where public opinion is, or ought to be supreme, there is a terrible frequency. Suicides in consequence of loss of wealth—abandonment of ties which though without the sanction of law or religion are yet held to be to some extent binding, followed by the miserable deaths sometimes of both parties, sometimes only of one—the desertions of homes and parental control on frivolous pretenses or on no pretenses at all—and worse than all, the prevalence of a practice too horrible in both its cause and effects to be endured in a Christian country, and which we must leave other journals to describe in detail—all these, of one or other of which instances occur daily, form a sad commentary on the tendencies of society

to seek its pleasures in an atmosphere of excitement.

If it seem unfair toward respectable persons to judge harshly of their general conduct by the use they make of their hours of leisure or recreation, we can only disclaim any application to individuals. We speak only of classes, and our remarks are intended to draw attention to the fact that the love of exciting pursuits and exciting pleasures is rapidly increasing, and when these prevail in any community, in that exact measure is it departing from the true source of prosperity and happiness.

The daily papers tell us that since the accident to All Right, the audiences at the Academy of Music have increased. Does not this go to show the truth of our theory, that it is the love of sensation that leads the people to flock to where it may be found in greatest perfection? Does any one imagine that if it were known that an accident would probably occur on a certain evening, the house could contain the crowds that would flock to it? Of course everybody would be indignant at the idea of being told that he had come to witness a scene of death, but how many would stay away because of the possibility of such a catastrophe?

## Chandler and Canada.

ERRATA the telegraph has done Mr. Chandler gross injustice, or he has lived to afford another instance of how frequently men will do abroad what they would be ashamed of at home. It is almost incredible that any member of the United States Senate could commit himself as being in favor of seizing Canada to pay the Alabama claims. That is, that he is in favor of going to war, in order to obtain what every decently-read man knows perfectly well is in process of adjustment without war. We read further of the vociferous cheers that greeted his speech, and are sorry to find in Kansas such an illustration of the proverb, "one fool makes many." Perhaps some allowance ought to be made for after-dinner conviviality, but really the atrocious sentiment demands an excess of charity which no Senator ought to ask for, and few people are inclined to grant.

## TOWN GOSSIP.

THE news of the recent attempt at assassination in Paris, in the very height of the royal and imperial festivities of the Great Exposition, shows that even the great, as well as the poor, have constantly a skeleton lurking in the closet, upon which they do not dare to look. It may be cowardice, but we all of us have such, and it increases in terror according as we live in a more or less false position.

With rulers in these days, who claim to be such either by their divine right or by that of the sword, the usual skeleton appears to be assassination. Not that assassination can at any time, or under any circumstance, be right or expedient, whether to redress the wrongs of a nation—as was probably the motive in this case, if, as reported, the assassin was a Pole—or, as in the recent case in Albany, where the offender supposed that a wrong had been done him which the law was powerless to redress. It is our cowardice, however, to set strenuously about correcting the falseness of our position, which gives the terror to the skeleton.

It is mortifying that when so simple a change would transform it from a terror to perhaps an amusing object of contemplation, that we do not go to work and make such a change. But the fact is that we do not. How many thousands of us pass our entire lives in object slavery to the fear that some inconsistency of our lives may be discovered: how carefully we try to hide it, and what meannesses we condescend to do in order to effect this. For years we may be successful, when suddenly some officious or maladroit person comes along, and with a word brushes away the veil of thin disguises we have been wearing for years, and hoping were so cunningly prepared that they would last our life-time.

Not the least noticeable discovery from such an experience is the fact that after all our skeletons have been only an imaginary one, the fruit of our own groundless fears. But though we become convinced of this in one case, it does not prevent our immediately setting to work to prepare the materials for another experience of the same kind.

What would the world do with a man who did not have a skeleton, who really was what he pretended to be, and always spoke honestly his thoughts. I have met persons who pretended to this, but soon found that their skeleton was the fear that this pretense would be seen through. Look at the man who makes a protest against fashion in the fit and style of his clothes, and see with what care he selects garments of an outlandish cut. There are people who desire to get credit for having their capacious minds too much occupied with vast thoughts concerning momentous subjects to pay much attention to the garb they wear, who yet however devote more serious care to the selection of their hats, which must be curious either for their color or shape, to the negligent tie of their cravat, which must be studiously arranged to look as though it had been carelessly wrapped round their necks, to the cut of their coats and the fit of their pantaloons, than any Broadway gambler or Fifth Avenue dandy ever thought of doing. If you wish to test one such, offer to tie his cravat, and you will easily find that its careless air conceals the skeleton he has been for years covering with care.

One of the most interesting exhibitions to the artistic world was that opened recently of the designs sent in to the competition for the New Post Office. The designs were displayed in a long room, three sides of which were covered with them, besides numerous others spread upon tables extending round the three sides and along the middle of the room. There were fifty-two various plans handed in, and it was really wonderful to see how totally originality was wanting in them all. There was not a single one discoverable, on a somewhat careful examination, which did not bear on its face the fact that it was an attempted adaptation of some famous building to the emergencies of the present case. There were Louvres, medieval guild



and town-halls, boxes covered with imitation columns, pediments and pilasters, by which means the glass is supposed to be captured and domesticated here; there were agglomerations of towers, having for no purpose, any quantity of rusticated work on the outside, and wonderful mixtures of flat-topped and arched windows, but not a design which could not be used with equal fitness for any purpose, varying from that of a pigeon-house in miniature to a railroad terminus, as for that which they were intended to subvert.

Many of the perspective views were very prettily painted, the figures in the foreground being "dashed in" with considerable spirit, and an eye for color being shown in the selection of their costumes; but for any originality, or any conception of the possibility of making a building declare its purpose, there was shown an utter want.

Such a result is not surprising. It was once said of Lord Brougham that he would undertake anything, from performing an operation for the stone to commanding the channel fleet, and this readiness to attempt anything is a characteristic of the American people. As the committee arranged the rules of the competition, the wonder is that they had only fifty-two designs handed in. There are plenty of people, who, under the stimulus of a chance for gaining the prize for the successful plan, and the fees as architect of the building, would suddenly develop a talent for architecture. Besides, as heretofore the Commissioners concerning such matters appear to have accepted one from the plans offered upon some other principle than that of excellence, perhaps upon some singular adaptation of Darwin's theory of natural selection, there would seem to be a chance for any one who has sufficient skill to make drawings which will pass muster, while even this gratification is not absolutely necessary, provided the maker of them has sufficient interest at court; it is therefore a matter of congratulation that only fifty-two plans have been handed in. So small a number would make it seem as though better ideas concerning the difficulties of the architect's profession were becoming more general.

As it is, the result will probably be that the Commission will have to reject all the plans, and follow the advice given them by the architects before they instituted this trial, but which they paid no attention to. This exhibition of the competing plans is, however, to be commended. Many such exhibitions are needed before the public taste will become so educated as to judge with accuracy concerning the relative merit of designs for such buildings as the new Post Office. In the first place, New York is singularly wanting in anything like architecture. Any town in Europe of third or fourth rate importance has more buildings calculated to improve the public taste in this respect than we have. We have been engaged so deeply in gaining the almighty dollar, that hitherto such matters have been considered worthy of no attention. This affair of the Post Office is the first competition of any kind which has been instituted with the plans for our public buildings. Like children, we must totter before we can walk, and if the Commission has made errors, they are excusable, since they showed at least a desire to do something. The next time we will do better, so that, perhaps, eventually we shall learn to know a good building when we see it, and not be put off with the trash of the Medio-Gothic-Classic-Renaissance-Romano-Tudoresque enormities which we perpetrate now in iron and stone. At least it is better and more cheerful to live in hope, than to despair utterly.

#### Amusements in the City.

The following have been the principal features in city amusements for the week ending Wednesday, June 19th, the regular summer season having opened at several houses. \* \* \* The Musical Festival at Steinway Hall came to a successful close on Sunday evening, June 14th. \* \* \* At the Academy of Music the Japanese troupe concluded their engagement on Saturday, June 15th; but the pleasure that the public had enjoyed since their opening was painfully interrupted on Wednesday night, the 13th, by the frightful fall of the little boy "All Right," some fifty feet from the dome of the parquette. Although receiving severe internal injuries, and remaining insensible for many hours, his hopes are entertained of his entire recovery. \* \* \* At the Olympic Theatre "Treasure Trove" having been pruned and running smoothly, still draws large houses, and has repaid the management for the liberal outlay bestowed upon it. \* \* \* At the New York Theatre the Worrell Sisters appeared on Monday, June 10th, in a new local burlesque, entitled "Faust." The piece is original, and shows considerable ability in its line. The music is excellent, and the performers display an energy in their respective parts that is commendable. Miss Sophie Worrell as Faust, dresses and plays her part with her usual charming vivacity, but Jennie—bright, arch, and mischievous Jennie—carries all hearts captive as Melphophea, and dresses to perfection, and it is doubtful if his Satan's Majesty, with all his powers, was ever more fascinating. Miss Irene Worrell appeared as "Rosenheim," and displayed her usual careful and earnest rendering. Taken altogether the burlesque is a creditable production, and will, no doubt, have a long run. \* \* \* At Niblo's the "Black Crook." \* \* \* At the Broadway Miss Lucille Western made her appearance on Monday, the 10th, as "Leah the Forsaken;" and although there is the same unevenness of acting shown by her in "Leah" as in "East Lynne," still she sustains the part of the Jewess (which, by the way, she looks marvelously well) with considerable power, and it may be called one of her best characters. \* \* \* At Barnum's Miss Leo Hudson, who had been delighting the thousands of visitors at the Museum with "Mezeppa," closed her engagement on Saturday, the 8th, and has been succeeded by the regular company in melodrama and comedy. On Monday, the 17th, a new-old sensation was produced in the shape of that well-known but seldom-given drama, the "Last Days of Pompeii." \* \* \* At Wallack's Mr. Dan Bryant appeared in "Shamus O'Brien" to excellent houses. He will soon appear in a new and original play by Messrs. Morford and Brougham, called the "Bells of Shandon." \* \* \* At the French Theatre, Mr. William Fox Leggett, a scion of an old and excellent family, made his debut on Monday evening, 17th, as Richard III., on Tuesday as Romeo, and on Wednesday as Shylock. He is said to possess considerable ability, having won great success as an amateur. \* \* \* Mr. Theodore Thomas's Summer Concerts at Terrace Garden have become fairly inaugurated, and during the summer weather will be quite a necessity to music-lovers. \* \* \* At the Bowery, several popular pieces have been produced. Mr. J. B. Studly sustaining the principle parts. \* \* \* At Linger's the manager has continued to fill the leading roles in late programmes. \* \* \* The Dodworth Saturday Concerts at the Central Park have now been successfully inaugurated, and the influx of visitors to the grounds exceeds that of any previous season. \* \* \* Material changes are taking place at the batons of our leading theatres. Mr. Harvey Dodworth having left that of Niblo's, and been succeeded by Mr. Edward Molienhauer, who is to be succeeded at Wallack's, for the regular season, by Mr. Thomas Baker, so long of Laura Keane's and the Olympic. \* \* \* Mr. Daniel E. Handmann and Mr. Neil Bryant were among the professional departures for Europe by the Scotia on Wednesday, the 12th.

#### ART GOSSIP.

ALBERT BIERSTADT, the landscape-painter, sailed for Europe on Saturday last. We saw a few days since a picture lately finished by him, the subject taken from a passage of wild nature in the Far West. It is a

scene rather of prairie than of mountain character, though there are steep bluffs and distant mountain ranges included in the composition. The foreground of the picture is an admirable realization of the herbage and flora peculiar to the great plains; and, for feeling and sympathy with nature, it is superior, we think, to any of the artist's larger and more ambitious pictures.

Bradford has made some changes in the arrangements for his proposed voyage to the Labrador coast. Instead of going in a steamer, as originally proposed, the artist and his party will embark in a schooner, taking their departure on the 28th of the present month. Several fine iceberg pictures are now to be seen in Bradford's studio; and he is at work upon a very striking composition of rock, sky and sea, from materials obtained by him in the Gulf of St. Lawrence.

S. R. Gifford has left town for the summer, to wander in mountain regions and along sea-shores, in search of the picturesque. He is staying for the present at Hudson, up the river.

McEntee has also gone into summer quarters, making his centre at Rondout, on the Hudson.

Whitridge has several interesting pictures now in his studio. The most important of these is a large composition revealing a scene upon the Platte river. The composition comprises plain and mountain, with a middle foreground of pine-trees, under which are clustered some Indian lodges. There is a group of mounted Indians fording the shallow river, and many other figures are dispersed under the trees beyond.

E. W. Perry, Jun., has lately been at work upon some pictures which promise well for his success as a painter of life and character, especially of the juvenile kind.

Constant Mayer's pictures, "Love's Melancholy," and "Poetical Thoughts," which were lately on exhibition at Schaus's Art Gallery, have been sent to Boston. Several new pictures are now to be seen in M. Mayer's studio. One of these is a companion-picture to his "Street Musicians" in the Academy Exhibition, a character-piece of an Italian "organ-grinder" and his accompanying sylph, with the tambourine, painted forcibly and with great care. "The Orphan's Holiday" is a composition of boys descending a stone staircase, on their way to the country, or to some suburban retreat. They are attended by two meek, sable-clad Sisters of Charity, and there is much fidelity to nature in the individual character imparted to the group.

A large picture by J. M. Culverhouse, has lately been imported by Schaus, and is now on view at the gallery. Culverhouse varies in his style, painting sometimes in the miniature genre of Meisner, and anon coming out with large canvases. He is no favorite of ours;—that we will frankly admit—and yet he possesses certain qualities by which other artists—Van Schendel, for instance—have made reputations. The picture to which we refer is a market-scene at night. There is a bright moon in the sky, against which a dark old cathedral towers. The market-tables are lighted with candles, these, with the moonbeams, producing a strong effect of contrasting lights. This effect, with its influence upon the various objects of still-life, is rendered with great power.

W. O. Stone, the painter of cherry-lipped ladies, and chubby, flaxen-haired children (nearly all of Mr. Stone's juvenile subjects are of the fair type), is now staying at Troy, where he is likely to remain for some time, having been commissioned to execute several portraits in the neighborhood of that city.

G. H. Boughton, who came to this city from Albany about nine years ago, painting assiduously and with much talent until about the beginning of the war, when he went to Europe, is making name and fame for himself in London, where he has been settled for several years. His picture at the present exhibition of the Royal Academy, "New England Punitans Going to Worship, Armed," is spoken of in terms of high praise by some of the London journalists.

#### The Annual Yacht Race of the New York Yacht Club.

From the Narrows to Sandy Hook and from Gravesend Bay to Fort Richmond on Thursday, the 13th of June, the waters of the Upper and Lower Bay were covered with the snowy canvas of many yachts, of schooners, and sloops, and the clear, pure air was filled with the sounds of festive music from the brazen mouths of brass bands. Crowds lined the shores to witness the occurrence of the regatta of the New York Yacht Club.

The sailing courses and directions for the start were as follows:

A flagboat will be anchored abreast of the Owl's Head, Long Island, about half a mile from the wharf, east of which the sloops will anchor in line about forty yards apart, and the schooners in line two hundred yards north of the sloops, about fifty yards apart.

In taking position in the line each yacht may select its own in the order of arrival at the anchorage. Mainmasts, foremasts, and gaff topsails may be set before starting, unless otherwise ordered by the committee. The order for starting will be announced on the morning of the regatta.

Yachts will proceed from the anchorage to the buoy of the Southwest Spit, passing it to the west and south, and thence to the lightship, rounding it to the north, ward and eastward, and return over the same course, passing to the eastward of the flagboat off Owl's Head.

Going and returning, all the buoys on the west bank, viz., Nos. 11, 13, and 15, are to be passed to the eastward.

#### THE ENTRANTS.

SLOOPS.			
Name.	Owner.	Tonnage.	Area.
Annie.....	F. Burgess.....	26.9	805.4
White Wing.....	S. Homans.....	53.1	1,004.4
Evelyn.....	A. Stienwerf.....	28.4	794.4
Nautlius.....	A. A. Kieckhefer.....	26.4	689.6

#### SCHOONERS.

Phantom.....	H. C. & C. H. Stobbins.	123.3	2,063.4
Magie.....	G. L. Lorillard.....	112.5	1,670.0
Dauntless.....	J. G. Bennett, Jr.....	262.8	2,662.4
Widgeon.....	Lloyd Phoenix.....	103.9	1,610.0
Silvie.....	E. Dodge.....	126.3	1,807.8
Vesta.....	P. Lorillard, Jr.....	201.0	2,512.5
Palmer.....	R. F. Loper.....	194.2	2,371.9
Fleur de Lis.....	J. L. Dickinson.....	92.5	1,420.3

On the return the victorious yachts passed the stake-boat in the following order:

SLOOPS.			
Name.	H. M. S.	Nautlius.....	H. M. S.
Evelyn.....	43 00	White Wing.....	6 3 00
Annie.....	5 48 20	White Wing, time not taken.	

SCHOONERS.			
Phantom.....	5 11 00	Rambler.....	5 53 00
Palmer.....	5 22 30	Silvie.....	5 53 25
Magie.....	5 25 05	Vesta.....	time not taken.
Dauntless.....	5 29 10		

As will be seen from the foregoing, the winning yachts were the schooner Palmer and sloop Evelyn. The judge's time, with all allowances made, settle the race on the following basis as regards the time of the leading yachts: Phantom, 5 hours, 40 minutes, 57 seconds; Magie, 5 hours, 48 minutes, 23½ seconds; Palmer, 5 hours, 56 minutes, 43 seconds; Evelyn, 6 hours, 3 minutes, 29½ seconds; Annie, 6 hours, 10 minutes, 1½ seconds; Dauntless, 6 hours, 7 minutes, 11½ seconds; Rambler, 6 hours, 18 minutes, 56½ seconds; Silvie, 6 hours, 24 minutes, 14½ seconds.

#### EPITOME OF THE WEEK.

##### Domestic.

—Those Americans who contemplate a visit to Europe this summer must have been both annoyed and incensed by a circular issued by the U. S. Customs-House, concerning the process of examination of their personal baggage, which would undergo on their return to these shores. The Collector of the Port, Mr. Smythe, has issued a corrective circular which contains the following reassuring statements: The department has always shown itself entirely opposed to the enforcement of any rules or regulations in regard to the baggage of passengers arriving in this country, which are oppressive. The term "wearing apparel in actual use" will extend to the appropriate wardrobe of the persons arriving in the United States, whether new or old, provided the articles of wearing apparel are not obviously excessive in quantity and quality, but are befitting the apparent condition and station in life of the owner. Care will be taken to select for the duty of examining baggage officers of superior intelligence and judgment; and passengers will not be subjected to any unnecessary annoyance. It remains, however, to be seen whether the facts will support these statements. Certainly it has been the truth for some years that an American on landing in his own country has been subjected to more annoyance than anywhere in Europe, except, perhaps, Austria, by the Customs-House officials. The entire reform, both in the personnel and in the rules of the department devoted to travelers, is most absolutely necessary.

—The Loyal League has made another attempt to eject Mr. Greeley from his membership on account of his having offered himself as one of the bailmen of Davis. The best course for disinterested outsiders is to encourage the quarrel as much as possible. The damage both parties may do each other would only be the public's gain.

—The Convention on the Constitution having spent a considerable portion of their time in deciding the rules by which they should be governed, and having finally settled how to do it, are now exemplifying how not to do it.

—New Jersey is rapidly becoming only a suburb of New York. The latest move in this direction is a ferry connecting the ancient and sleepy town of Perth Amboy with the Staten Island railroad, by which that town is made an hour and a quarter from New York.

—The League is the title of a new weekly paper issued by the advocates of Free Trade in this country. It is handsomely printed, but seems to want sprightliness. Still, the first number is hardly one from which it would be fair to judge the League. The question of Free Trade is one which needs only to be stated to be proved. But like all questions of public policy, it requires iteration and reiteration, line upon line, and precept upon precept, to finally so influence public opinion, that its expression will become the policy of the Government.

—Mr. Oscanian, the well-known lecturer, has prepared for the next season six new lectures. Three on social life in the East, one on Persia, and two on the Holy Land. As Mr. Oscanian has suffered from his connection heretofore with agents, he is resolved hereafter to dispense with their services, and therefore societies will have to address him direct.

—President Johnson contemplates a visit to Boston, during the month of June, for which the conservatives there are conserving their forces.

—One of the twenty-inch smooth-bore guns at Fort Hamilton has been fired with 200 pounds of powder as a charge. The result was most successful, and points to a new element in the art of war. No vessel could stand a shot hurled against her side with the immense force given it by the explosion of such a mass of powder.

—The accounts from Mexico are still so indefinite that it is impossible to eliminate the truth from them. The idea that contemporaries are necessarily the best judges of history is absurd. It requires the death of about two generations before the truth of events can be made to appear. Unfortunately, therefore, none of us can ever know anything accurately about matters which pass under our inspection, and it would be well therefore for the positive persons to beware.

##### Foreign.

—The inhabitants of the Duchy of Luxemburg are said to be quite satisfied with the arrangement of the dispute between the various countries of Europe for their possession. As it is now, Luxemburg has realized the dream of cheap government. Their entire taxation amounts to only about four dollars a head a year, while that of France and Prussia is about ten, and Belgium is six. Of this tax about one dollar is for the interest on the public debt. The government is administered by a prime minister who has a salary of \$3,000, and three ministers who receive \$1,200, and from the 200,000 of her population, the Duchy has 40,000 children in her schools.

—The spirit of reform has extended even to China. By a recent edict all candidates for office must pass an examination in astronomy, mathematics and physical sciences. It is the steamboats of the outside barbarians which have produced this change. The inhabitants of the Celestial Empire find that painting the paddles-wheels and making smoke roll out of the chimney does not fulfill all the requirements needed in a steamboat, and hence they are determined to go to the bottom of the matter. Such an entrance afforded to the wedge of radicalism, will produce results which cannot now be estimated.

—The following advertisement from an English paper shows that it is quite possible there to combine two worlds, which have generally been considered somewhat incompatible: "The next presentation to the Vicarage of Chichester for sale, subject to the life of the present incumbent, now in his sixty-first year, with elegant parsonage, gardens, pleasure-grounds and offices, in a neighborhood distinguished by the amenities of polished society, and constituting a rich vineyard of the Christian virtues, with ample means for works of benevolence toward less fortunate souls as derived from two hundred and eighteen acres of glebe, with the tithe of adjoining parishes, extending over nine thousand acres, making the gross income and value fluctuate, according to average, a between \$1,500 and \$1,800 per annum, with extremely moderate outgoings. Can be viewed only by permission of the incumbent; and for particulars apply to Mr. Donkin Ryewell, Felton, Northumberland."

—The proposal to digest the laws of England, which has been for some time referred to the Lords of a committee, is again brought before the public, and as a modification it is proposed that the present entangled mass of legislation should be reduced to a code.

—At the "Derby" this year the winning horse was Hermit, who had been sneered at by all the knowing ones, and considered unfit to appear upon the course. The announcement of his victory was an astonishing blow to all the sporting circles, and is another proof of the uncertainty of all horse affairs.

—During the presence of the sovereigns in Paris, to visit the Great Exposition, a great ball is to be given in the Hotel de Ville, or City Hall of the old municipality of Paris. This building, which is a fine specimen of the middle-age architecture, is to be decorated with palm trees, and every arrangement made for securing a brilliant success. The jealous regard for their liberty which was so strong a characteristic of the old municipality will be strongly contrasted with the modern riddle of imperialism, on the occasion of such a ball as this in the Hotel de Ville.

—A movement is on foot in London to abolish the system of letting out the pews in the churches. It is found that one of the parishes with a population of 33,000, has free seats for only 500 persons, while another with 25,000 can accommodate only 900. It is urged that abolishing the pew system, and depending entirely upon the voluntary contributions of those who attend, will be a better pecuniary success than the present arrangement, since wherever it has been tried this has been found to be the result.

#### Extracts from the Diary of a Prisoner for Debt in Clichy.

It is two o'clock. I am hungry, having eaten nothing since the morning. Add the weakness naturally produced by the emotions of the forenoon. I ascend to the restaurant established for the patronage of the long purses of the place. Breakfast is there a franc and a half (thirty cents), and dinner two francs and a half (fifty cents). This establishment is always managed by one of the prisoners, to whom his predecessor has surrendered the stock at a price. Each of them retires, after having kept it his time, with 1,500 to 2,000 francs of profit, having to pay nothing for his license or taxes. The restaurant-keeper of Clichy has only to deposit with the officer the value of a year's food, as a guarantee. The restaurant does not furnish wine. Each one brings his own. It is procured at the office, where there are two distributions daily, notice of which is given by bell. The maximum for a day is fixed at a quart each. With this one may become drunk if he can. It depends upon the temperament. I take a turn in the garden, which is sufficiently well taken care of. One of the prisoners, at the expense of the society, serves as gardener for twenty francs a month. It is with difficulty that I at first distinguished the prisoners from the visitors, for in the promenade each one takes as much care in his toilet as though he was going into public. In the garden there is a game of tonneau, and another of skittles—this last for the vulgar. When it rains, we walk under the gallery, vulgarly called Cape of the eighteen columns, from the number of pillars which support it, and there these games are replaced by dominoes, backgammon and chess. There is a farmer of the games, who makes 250 francs a month. His place is therefore greatly sought after, and many wait for the end of the month, at which it is put up at auction, with great interest.

At six o'clock silence succeeds the noisy conversations, and we dine, either at the restaurant, or in our cells. The cell dinners are taken by those who take advantage of the cheap fare of the Philanthropic Society at twelve cents a plate. For this price one has not exactly what he wants, but what he can get. The society, besides, puts its ovens at the disposition of the prisoners who wish to cook for themselves the food which they have bought outside. Five messengers attached to the establishment can continually go on the messages of the prisoners.

After dinner, we return to the garden, if the time is favorable, until evening. The guards then empty the gardens and close the gates. From this time until bedtime the excitement of billiards and loto are the great attractions. At ten the bell sounds the hour for bed. Each one retires to his cell, and is doubly locked in. The sick prisoners, however, and those who are doctors, are exempt from this formality, on account of the facility for receiving or giving assistance. I felt ill at ease the first night, though I could have my candle lighted. It was not because the bed was bad. The sheets were even quite fine, and I would willingly let that many a prisoner has not such fine ones at home. But the double lock!

Seven in the morning. I am unlocked, and have the liberty to go out of my cell. I go down to the covered gallery, where is the library and reading-room, kept by one of the prisoners, who has fifty francs a month from the Philanthropic Society. He is obliged to have all the papers. But do you know what is most read at Clichy? It is the Code. It is not only read, but devoured. Each article is studied, commented, discussed with incredible eagerness. Thus a detention of some months is enough to enable a prisoner to checkmate the strongest lawyer. At eight in the morning the milkman and baker arrive, and each one can purchase his supplies. A hair-dresser comes from outside every day except Friday. He has his shop in the lower gallery, but will come to your own room. In Clichy there are also baths let out at auction to one of the prisoners, who makes what money he can out of them. The actual bathman, who is by trade a gas-man, takes great care to satisfy his clients. Every three days, at eleven, the payment takes place. The clerk enters the prison, occupies the office of the guard, and gives each prisoner the allowance from his creditor, either four francs and a half, which is reduced to three francs and nine centimes, by the retention of twenty centimes a day for the use of the sheets and napkins. Only the assistants of the administration are exempt from this charge. The prisoners who do not wait for the money of their creditors receive the total amount at the end of the month, and are regarded as the aristocracy.

No one will be astonished that one of my first questions on entering Clichy was, How to get out? Besides the natural release by payment of one's debt, the prisoner can be freed in two ways: either by passing his time, which requires a good stock of patience, or by way of support, furnished by his detaining creditor. If, for example, the creditor does not furnish, without fail, on the day before the last of the month, the funds necessary for the maintenance of his debtor, the next day, early in the morning, a messenger is sent in all haste to the President of the Tribunal of Commerce to demand from him the freedom of the prisoner. The messenger once on his way, the deed is done, and the director of the prison releases then any tardy payment. It is easily conceived that the end of the month is looked forward to with great anxiety. To go free from the forgetfulness or carelessness of an attorney is the sweetest delight of a prisoner. Such an occasion is, without fail, honored by the whole of Clichy.

Each prisoner has a right to nine visitors. If the number of his relations or friends surpasses this number, he can easily find one of his companions who will give him those he does not want. There is no want of tickets, but rather of friends to use them.

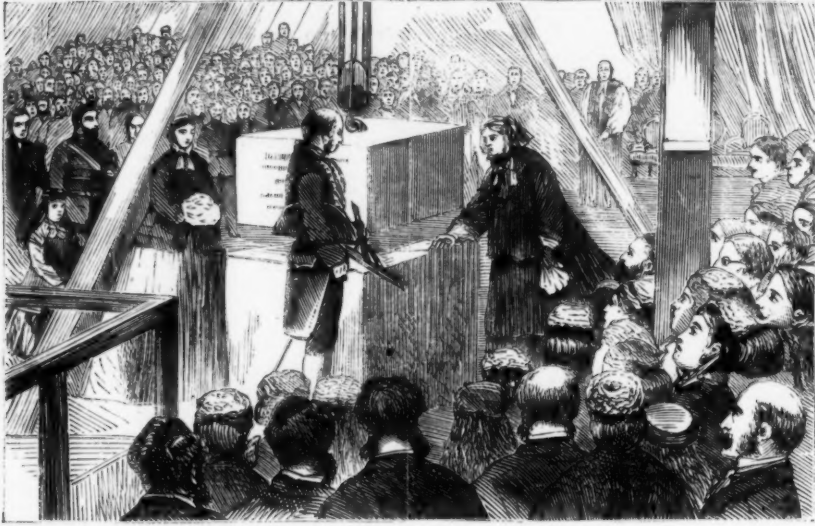
A word concerning the female visitors. Those who have not their marriage certificates in their pockets are pitilessly consigned to the parlor; but the prisoners can see their legitimate wives in their own cells; being happier in this than the women detained in the neighboring building, who are not allowed to receive even their husbands. This rule is intended to prevent their becoming eccentric, which would set them free, the law opposing the imprisonment of a woman about to become a mother. Both male and female visitors are searched before being admitted. When anything prohibited is found on them, a bottle of brandy, for example, the unfortunate for whom the visit was intended bears all the punishment; for while in this case they are satisfied with indicating the right of entrance to the blundering friend, the prisoner is placed in the separate department. The separate is part of the building, like the rest in every point, except that the occupants are kept private, and deprived of all communication as well with their friends in the prison as with those outside. This punishment is given for all insubordination to the guards, insults to fellow-prisoners, and infringement of the law forbidding the introduction of spirits to the prison. However and the seclusion may be, yet some demand it as a favor. There are generally those who are ashamed of their imprisonment, and are afraid of being seen. We cannot but respect this shame, and yet should we not be sorry for it?

White wine is one of the things interdicted, and yet the lovers of it have an opportunity to get it once a month, in this way: The last day of each month, the management wants a certain number of prisoners to wash the staircases and halls, a job which is no child's play. Those who accept this work are unlocked at six in the morning, and have the right, each, as a special favor, to a bottle of white wine. The ordinary result is that the washers, after their work, are so drunk that the guards are obliged to put them to bed, and consequently on this day half of Clichy is in bed. Hence the unaccustomed silence which reigns in prison on the first day of each month, a death-like silence which astonishes the visitors who do not know the reason.

To-day, Sunday, some new arrivals appeared. I remarked that the habitués did not mix with them. I was at first unaware of the reason, but it was explained to me. Sunday being a day of rest for ordinary debtors, on this day only scamps are arrested, and the honest victims of debt are not desirous of mixing with them.



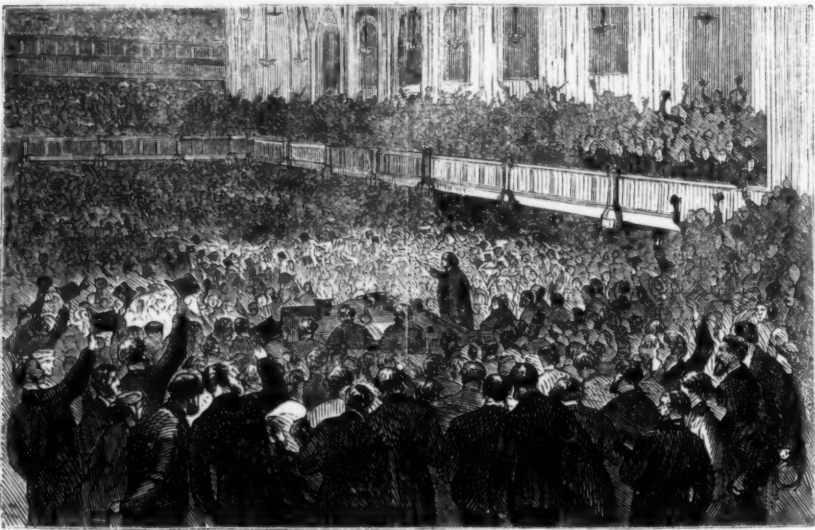
## The Pictorial Spirit of the European Illustrated Press.



HER MAJESTY QUEEN VICTORIA LAYING THE CORNER-STONE OF THE ROYAL ALBERT HALL OF ARTS AND SCIENCES, LONDON.

**Queen Victoria Laying the Corner-Stone of the Royal Albert Hall of Arts and Sciences, London.**  
Recently her Majesty Queen Victoria laid the founda-

Consort. The surplus funds derived from that most successful enterprise could not have been devoted to a more appropriate object than one which couples the name of Prince Albert with a design to facilitate the



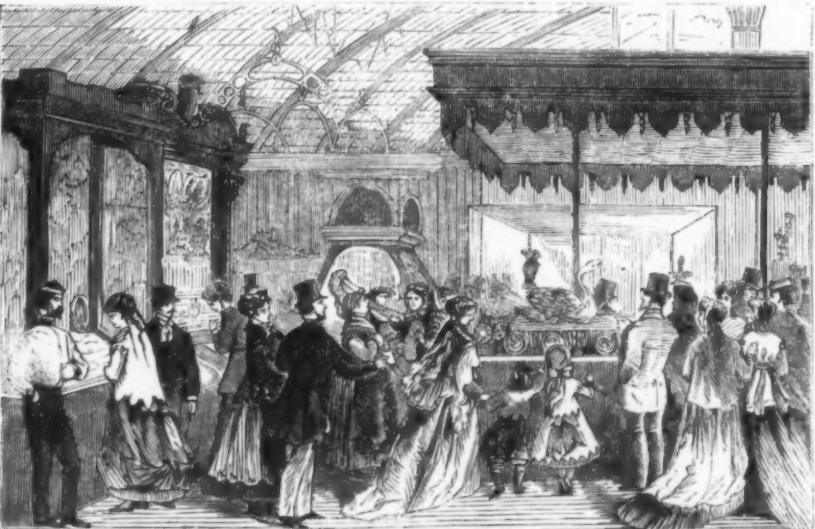
THE REFORM MEETING AT ST. JAMES'S HALL, LONDON.

stone of the Royal Albert Hall of Arts and Sciences. progress of the Arts and Sciences. The hall, which will edifice is to be erected on part of the ground, at be elliptical in form, lighted from above, fireproof in

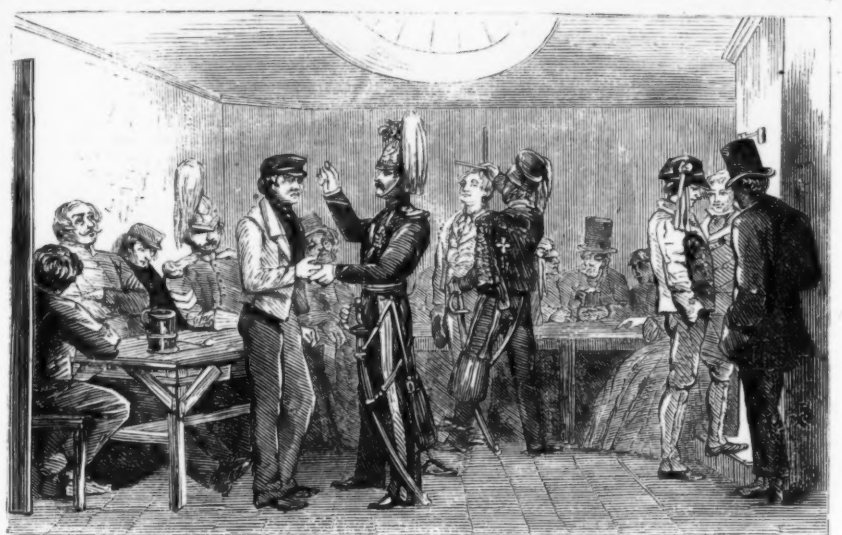


ENGLISH COTTAGE AT THE PARIS EXHIBITION.

South Kensington, purchased by the Commissioners of the Great Exhibition of 1851, by whom the site was granted, in honor of the memory of the late Prince all its rooms, stairs and partitions, and capable of accommodating from 6,000 to 8,000 persons, is intended to be applied to the purpose of holding great national



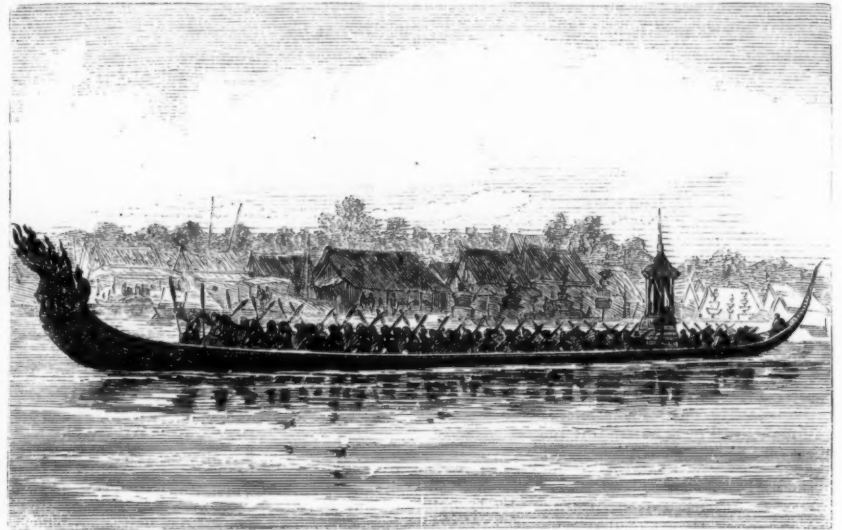
THE ENGLISH JEWELRY DEPARTMENT AT THE PARIS EXHIBITION.



RECRUITING FOR THE AUSTRIAN ARMY.

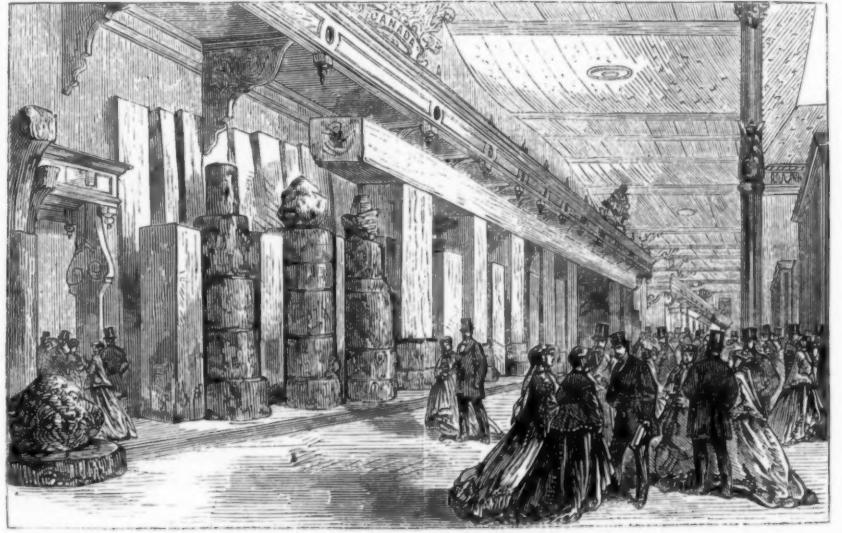
and international congresses on subjects connected with the above-mentioned branches of pursuit and study. In perfect keeping with its special object, it will also be

which are to run, in two tiers, round the spacious hall—the boxes on the first tier at £1,000 each, and those on the second at £500 each. Two thousand sittings



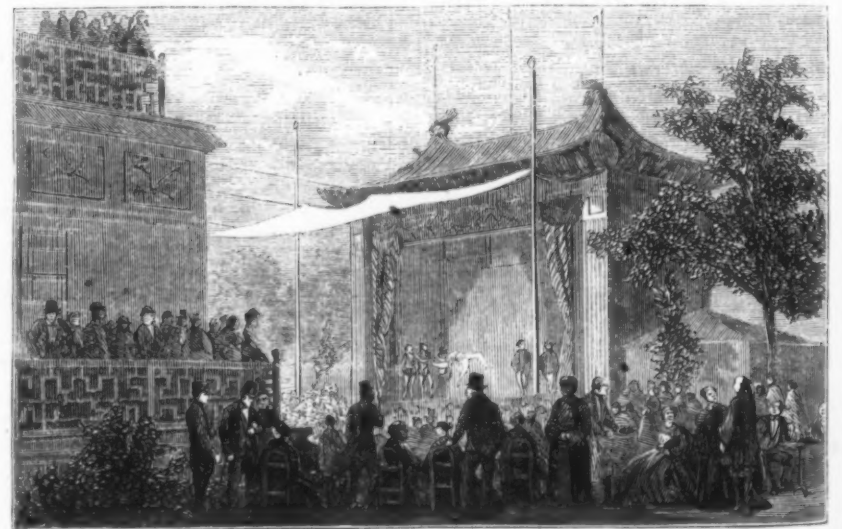
THE KING OF SIAM'S STATE BARGE.

occasionally used for performances of choral and instrumental music, distribution of prizes by public bodies; agricultural, horticultural and industrial exhibitions; and displays of pictures and sculpture. Its cost is estimated at £200,000; and the money has been raised by the sale, as freeholders, of the boxes and seats, management of the hall, when complete, is to be vested in a governing body under the authority of a Royal charter.



THE CANADIAN SECTION AT THE PARIS EXHIBITION.

management of the hall, when complete, is to be vested in a governing body under the authority of a Royal charter.



THE CHINESE THEATRE IN THE CHAMPS DE MARS, PARIS.





THE NEW YORK MUSEUM, CORNER OF BROADWAY AND THIRTIETH STREET.—SEE PAGE 236.

#### The English Cottage in the Park of the Great Exposition, Paris.

This English cottage in the park of the Great Exposition in Paris, though perhaps somewhat exaggerated, shows the style prevailing in many of the districts of England, where picturesqueness of construction is so common and so marked as to appear strange to those who are accustomed only to the dull uniformity of our style of houses, two stories and an attic high, painted uniformly white, with green blinds.

#### The English Jewelry Department at the Paris Exposition.

In the British Jewelry Court, in the great Exposition, at certain stated periods during the day, people will be seen hurrying in crowds in a particular direction, jostling one another, and elbowing their way in between the rather closely-packed stalls and cases to get a view of one of the toy attractions of the exhibition—Mr. Henry Emanuel's automaton silver swan. Within a large glass-case is to be seen a life-sized model of a swan, with its plumage of silver, and looking remarkably feathery and fluffy considering the material of which it is composed, floating, as it were, on the water, which is likewise of silver, and the minute ripples of which somewhat too closely resemble the texture of the bird's plumage. The swan is first seen with his head resting between his wings; but, on the machinery being wound up, he raises his head gracefully, curves his neck, seems after a time to spy the tiny fish floating on the water in front of him, whereupon he lowers his head, appears to seize one in his beak and hold it there for a time, preparatory to swallowing it, and then returns to his former attitude of repose. This toy is not a modern production. The bird is said to have been decked out with a new plumage for the present occasion; but that is all that is new about it. It formed part, we are told, of a museum of a Mr. Cox, a celebrated jeweler, in the reign of George II., whose collection was of sufficient importance for an Act of Parliament to be obtained to dispose of it by lottery.

#### Recruiting for the Austrian Army.

Although the ranks of the armies on the continent of Europe are generally filled up by conscription, it is occasionally necessary to have recourse to recruiting for certain corps, which are especially made up of picked men, and for which volunteers are always welcome. The process is carried on much after the same style as in England. There is a rendezvous, to which "spirited young men wishing to serve his majesty" resort, and there they are measured, enrolled and passed by the proper officials. Lager beer is freely circulated, and the neophytes, of course, become inflated with visions of honor and glory to be won on the field of battle. Our engraving represents such a scene in an Austrian provincial town.

#### King of Siam's State Barge.

Our illustration represents the Royal barge of the King of Siam on the river Meinam, before Bangkok, the capital of Siam. This city, which has a population of half a million, mostly Chinese, is situated thirty miles from the mouth of the river. The front part of the town, indeed, is actually afloat on the river, along both banks of which, for three or four miles, are moored eight or ten ranges of wooden houses, built on rafts of bamboo, fastened to piles driven into the bottom of the river. Each of these houses is usually twenty feet or thirty feet in length, and of an oblong shape, consisting three or four rooms upon one floor; the central

apartment is open in front, to serve as a shop, with a covered platform before it, on which the goods are displayed for sale. The people move above these water-streets in light canoes, one of which belongs to every household. This part of the town is almost entirely occupied by Chinese traders and handicraftsmen.

The land part of Bangkok is also built of timber, except the King's palace, the temples, and the Government offices, which are of brick; but, as the ground is low and marshy and liable to be flooded, the houses stand on piles several feet above its level. The temples, dedicated to the worship of Buddha, whose image, of color-

sal size and in a sitting posture, made of gilt wood or gilt metal, is adored within, are surmounted with spires, and decorated outside with a profuse ornamentation of gilding, coloring, porcelain plates, and pieces of looking-glass laid upon the walls. The palaces are of Chinese architecture, like pagodas, with a series of several tiled roofs, diminishing toward the top. The King resides in a vast range of buildings, with many hundred wives, slaves and courtiers, on a separate island, surrounded by a high wall, a little distance up the river. Bangkok has been much improved of late years by the formation of good roads or streets and of several bridges, one or two constructed of iron. Steam-dredges have also been employed to deepen the channel; and, since the navigation was opened by the treaty of commerce with England, which Sir John Bowring negotiated some years ago, the trade of Siam has become very important.

#### The Reform Meeting at St. James's Hall, London.

One of our illustrations of the Foreign Illustrated press represents the great meeting held by the Reform Union in St. James's Hall, London, on May 15. It is probable that the appearance in the field of agitation of the old leaders of the Corn-Law League may have influenced Mr. Disraeli in conceding the abolition of compounding, and so making the borough franchise in England practically household suffrage, notwithstanding his bitter denunciations of "obsolete incendiaries" and "spouters of stale sedition." The memory of old defeat and humiliation sustained at the hands of these hard-headed North of Englanders was too strong for the right honorable gentleman's temper. The Union intends holding other meetings in St. James's Hall, under the presidency of Mr. Samuel Morley, which will be addressed by Mr. J. S. Mill, Mr. Layard, Sir John Gray, Mr. T. Hughes, and other gentlemen.

#### The Canadian Court in the Great Exposition, Paris.

The Canadian Court, which forms but one side of a narrow alley of the Exhibition, is strangely but effectively fitted up with specimens of the staple produce of the country—namely, timber. A long range of columns, three feet in diameter, formed of red pine, runs from one end of the court to the other. Above them overhangs a ledge of polished maple wood, of which the Canadians seem particularly proud, as they exhibit some very admirable specimens of furniture in this material in an annex, where may be also seen some very fair examples of bookbinding and sundry educational appliances. The court itself contains some good geological maps of the Canadian provinces, specimens of minerals—more particularly petroleum, and of the different tools used in the backwoods, manufactured from native ore. Also some capital collections of native birds and insects, skins of native animals, an endless variety of snow-shoes of wicker-work, and specimens of the various kinds of woods for which Canada is famous; together with a model of the sleeping-cars used on the Grand Trunk Railway. These cars are between sixty feet and seventy feet long, and have three sets of wheels, all coupled together at each end, but no wheels whatever in the centre portion. The whole of the interior is fitted up with sleeping-berths.

#### The Chinese Theatre in the Champs de Mars.

Among the attractions of the Paris Exhibition, one of the most curious is the Chinese theatre, of which we give an illustration, and where the natives of the



THE WESTCHESTER CUP FOR THE SUMMER RACES AT JEROME PARK.—MADE BY TIFFANY &amp; CO., BROADWAY, N. Y.—SEE PAGE 236.



"estial kingdom" can be seen performing their wonderful acrobatic and juggling feats, with the surroundings that seem to transport the spectator to Peking itself. Genuine Chinese plays are also here represented, but are not as active as the gymnastic and other feats, the language being the great drawback.

### THE LAST LETTER!

Ah, yet once more! I had not thought  
On earth to write you, dear, again;  
Not light the cost of after pain  
At which your fickle heart was bought.

These tears of mine fall o'er the lines  
Whose words, perchance, your eye may please;  
Fall where, through those sad autumn trees,  
The vision of your lost face shines!

They are my last!—no more I write,  
Nor yield again to Thought or dreams!  
From deep and disconnected streams,  
Our currents once again unite!

To turn the head—to travel back  
To hours whose phantoms haunt us still;  
Light-stepped to climb the olden hill,  
And then to tread the present track!—

For neither this were wise!—our feet  
Far other roads so long have worn!  
So long have parted night and morn;  
Nor can their dews forever meet!

Not ours, I know, a course to shape,  
Whose stars by other hands are led!—  
Ours but to breathe around the dead  
Our silent weeping plumes of crape!

Nor yours nor mine to rest our knees  
On isles where honor cannot dwell!  
Though lead our passion-paths to hell,  
We may not peril heaven for these!

And yet as vain, we know, to strive  
That past to slay, whose spirit-tears  
Breathe of the dim and distant years—  
The morning of this night of life!

I hear you call in early sun!  
When comes the night I hear you call!  
You weep when these deep shadows fall!  
You call when sleep has long begun!

Is it to "come"—when sin and shame  
Would mark my coming? I am gone!  
Is it to fly you, lonely one?  
I pace again the path I came!

Call not so loud!—too oft I think  
My brain and strength are weaker grown!  
Ah!—knowing all that I have known—  
What wonder if the fount should sink!

Along where, o'er the northern earth,  
Frost-cold, I hear the east-wind moan,  
I take my course—I read the dearth  
In lands that I must walk alone!

God's will, they say, is good!—He made  
Of steel the will, of oak the soul!  
I hear the passion-wheels that roll!—  
One debt to Him—to you is paid!

### LOVE AND FLIRTATION.

I so really believe that flirting is a natural gift—that it is so born in some people that they cannot help it, and are no more answerable for it than for a pug nose, a long tongue, or long ears.

Now, for instance, there is Kate Willmore. She is a charming girl; in fact, her only fault is that she is a flirt in every sense of the word. It is her great delight. She is a tender-hearted little thing; she cannot bear to hurt a fly; she is obliged to screw up her courage to the sticking point before she can kill a venomous mosquito; and yet she delights in torturing the hearts of those devoted admirers who live in her smile; she would sit by the hours together, laughing and enjoying the agony of her most faithful lover, Harry Percival.

She kept him at her beck and call, and yet she would not set the poor fellow's heart at rest by saying the little word "Yes." She would not satisfy him by acknowledging in plain language that she really loved him.

Sometimes he would make up his mind to say good-by; then she would come round and act so prettily—look up so lovingly in his face—that he would think it best to wait a little longer.

He might hope and wait, for time flew upon the wings of love. Still Harry sighed, while Kate laughed and sang, as free and happy as a bird in spring.

Kate was the only remaining child of wealthy parents; she had been petted and spoiled from her birth. It was little wonder then if she was self-willed. No wish had ever been denied; why should she then deny herself the gratification of flirting, even though it were at the cost of others? And yet she was not heartless by any means, but then it was such fun.

Harry and she had known each other from childhood. He had loved her as the child, as the boy. He now loved her as the man; no wonder he found it hard to give her up. Besides, Miss Kate played her cards too well for that: she had no idea of letting Harry Percival slip. She would flirt with others, until he was almost desperate. When she saw she had gone far enough, she would make up for it by being as sweet and affectionate as possible; then he felt sure she loved him; and he made up his mind he would not be fool enough to doubt again; but no sooner did he feel confident, than off she went as usual.

At last poor Harry felt as though he should go mad; but the worse he felt the more she enjoyed

it; and the fortunate rival thought it a splendid joke.

So things went on until the summer of 18—. They had had their house full of visitors from the city, and there had been one round of enjoyment and pleasure—picnics, rowing, sailing, fishing-parties and riding; in fact, everything that could add to their enjoyment.

Kate, of course, the gayest of the gay, entered heart and soul into the different sports, and flirted with all the city beaux to her heart's content. How bright and beautiful she looked, her eyes beaming with fun and mischief, her cheeks as rosy as the morn.

Harry was always invited, but he sometimes managed to be engaged; then Kate would look up in his face in such an imploring way, and seem so very sorry, that it really went against him to refuse; yet, when once with them, she scarcely deigned to give him a word.

Harry determined to appear indifferent. He played the agreeable to many of the young ladies, and I am afraid his handsome face made a deeper impression upon some of the more susceptible hearts than he would have wished; and yet all in vain. Kate saw through it—she would not be made jealous.

One evening, after a picnic, Harry went up to Kate and said:

"Kate, I have come to say good-by. I am going to the city to-morrow, and I shall not have time to come again."

"Why, Harry, you are not really going—just at the time, too, when we are having such a splendid time?"

"Yes, I am really going, Kate."

"Oh, no—you must not go, Harry! I want you to stay. What shall I do without you, in all our little excursions?"

"I do not think you will miss me much, Kate; and I have made up my mind to start to-morrow."

"Well, I think you are real mean, Harry, to break up our party; besides, what will Miss Price do without you?"

"You will all get on just as well without me. You know I am very stupid, Kate; anything but pleasant company."

"Fishing for a compliment—aye, Harry?"

"That is not my style. I never fish for anything, Kate."

"Now, do not get angry; we will not quarrel about it."

"No, we may as well part friends."

"Oh, nonsense, Harry, you are not going!"

"Indeed I am."

"Why, this is a sudden fancy."

"Not at all, I have thought of it for some time past."

"But suppose I say you must not go, Harry—what then?"

"I am always sorry to refuse a lady anything; but really I should be obliged to, Kate."

"And so you will not stay to please me, Harry?"

"Do not waste those winning smiles upon me, Kate; keep them for Mr. Warren; but really I am detaining you too long. Good-by, until we meet again. If at any time I can do anything for you in the city, a letter will reach me through my uncle Edward. I might at least hope to hear from you at your leisure; for old acquaintance sake, Kate."

"Perhaps you may, although you hardly deserve it for going, Harry; but if you will, why, good-by."

And thus they parted. Harry said "good-by" to her parents, and then he left with a sad heart, but a determination to bear it all like a man.

Mr. and Mrs. Willmore were both very angry with Kate; for they loved Harry as a son, and they had hoped one day to see them happy together.

Kate laughed, and said:

"We shall soon see him back, mamma. I know Harry Percival," and then off she went, laughing as merrily as if there was no such thing as love, or broken hearts in the world.

One, two, three, ten days passed, yet not a word from Harry. Kate laughed and sang as ever, but in spite of herself, she felt sad at heart; then, again, she felt half angry with him for being able to live away from her; angry with herself for caring about it; she reasoned with herself, but in vain, her thoughts would return to him—her parents mentioned him, and all the visitors wondered when he was likely to be again with them. How she longed for an excuse to write to him. At last there was to be a grand excursion, and the general cry was, What a shame Harry was away! So Kate determined to write, asking him to come, telling him how much they all missed him, and begging him not to disappoint them, or she would never forgive him.

When he received it, he sat for some time undecided, but the more he read the letter the more pleased he was, and again he felt sure she missed him.

"Yes; I have won. She loves me! I will return and claim my darling Kate."

He sent an answer the next morning, saying he would be there the day after he started. Upon his arrival, he was heartily welcomed by all. Kate made herself as pleasant and agreeable as possible.

The next day was to be the grand day, and Kate said, looking up with one of her sweetest smiles:

"If you have no objection and no previous engagement, I should be glad if you would take me under your charge to-morrow, Harry."

Of course Harry was perfectly happy.

"You and I can climb those rocks so splendidly together; then we know every inch of ground, Harry; we can take the lead. Shall we?"

Certainly he would take the lead—he would travel any road with her. Did he not want to travel through life with her? And the little witch knew it as well as he did—not that he told her so then; no, he thought he would not let her see how happy he felt.

Morning came. It was a lovely day; not a cloud

was to be seen. They started early, Kate and Harry first, arm in arm. He looked as happy as a king, and she as bright and beautiful as ever, in fact, a perfect picture.

The day passed away with a cloud, there was nothing to mar their enjoyment, all was merry as a marriage-bell. Evening came; they still kept up their fun until they were all so tired of laughing that they were half-inclined to cry for a change.

Two or three days passed, and all was bright and cheerful; but, alas! for poor Harry, he was too happy. Kate saw it, she could withstand a flirtation no longer. So Mr. Warren was again delighted by her company in a walk before breakfast; he at once seized the opportunity, and asked her to accompany him in a ride that morning. She consented. They were together almost all day, and whenever Harry chanced to be near them, they would whisper and look as though each lived upon the other's smile. Harry was almost mad with rage, yet outwardly he was perfectly calm and composed. He had made up his mind it should end now and forever—he would be trifled with no longer.

How little Kate knew, when she was laughing so gayly, what was passing through his mind!

That afternoon they all went out for a drive, but Harry said he could not possibly go, for he had got some very important letters to write. Even Kate coaxed, but in vain. He said "No!" in such a decided tone that she looked up in astonishment. So they went without him.

In the evening they danced and sang, Kate merry as usual; but Harry seemed very sad. At last he said to her:

"Kate, can I see you for a few minutes? I have something particular to say to you."

"Oh, not now, Harry; some other time will do."

"It may be the last favor I shall ask of you, Kate, but I will not trouble you. Good-by."

"Harry, come here! I want to speak to you, Harry," said Kate, a little impatiently.

But he had gone, and as Mr. Warren addressed her at that minute, she took no more notice of his strange conduct, until Miss Price entered the room and called Kate aside.

"Kate, I have just met Harry; he gave me this letter for you. What have you said or done? He looked like a ghost, and acted as though he was mad."

Kate stepped into the hall and tore it open. It read as follows:

"Kate—You have trifled with me too long. I can bear it no longer. My mind is made up. I may be rash, but I am not answerable for my actions, for you have driven me mad. May God forgive you, Kate. Farewell—farewell forever! Think sometimes of Harry Percival, who died for you."

Kate stood as though rooted to the spot.

"What can he mean? Where is he? Oh, Lizzie, what shall I do?" she exclaimed.

At this minute she was startled by the report of a pistol. With one frantic scream she rushed past Lizzie and almost flew to the spot. What a sight met her eye! There, in the silver moonlight, pale and motionless, lay the beloved form of Harry Percival—by his side the deadly weapon!

"Oh, God! what have I done? Harry, my own, my beloved, speak to me; say that you love me; let me hear your dear voice again! It is Kate, your own Kate, that calls to you. Look at me, darling. Oh, look at me once more! Alas! he does not hear me—he is deaf to my cries. Oh, heaven, do not take him from me. Spare him!"

Her head sank upon his breast, and she sobbed aloud. At this minute Mr. Warren, Miss Price, and two or three others arrived at the spot; they tried to persuade her to move.

"Come, Kate; we must remove him to the house," said Mr. Warren.

"No, no, you shall not take him from me; you shall not separate us!" and she threw her arms around him and pressed her lips to his.

She raised his head gently—he gave a low moan.

"He lives!" she exclaimed. "Oh! Harry darling, speak to me."

"Kate, Kate, dear Kate," he murmured.

"I am here, darling; your own Kate is by your side."

"Bring her to me; she cannot refuse my dying request."

"Oh, God! he does not know me!" she exclaimed. "Oh! Harry, forgive me. Say that you forgive me."

"Bless you, darling, I do forgive you. May you be happy with the one you love," he murmured, with a deep-drawn sigh.

"I love none but you, Harry. You, and you alone!"

"Oh, Kate, my darling, must I die!" and he groaned aloud.

"Oh, no, you must live—live for my sake—to make me happy!"

Again they tried to persuade her to allow them to move him, but she only clung the closer to him. They then begged him to sip some brandy, but he only moaned and murmured in a low tone: "Let me die in peace."

"Oh, Harry, dear Harry, live for me," And she laid her head upon his breast and sobbed; he raised his arm feebly and drew her closer to him.

"Live! for you to make me miserable again—to drive me mad? Oh, Kate, you little know what I have suffered, and he sighed again.

"Oh, Harry, forgive me, for I do love you."

"It is pity, Kate; only pity; 'tis best that I should die."

"No, Harry, I have loved you all along; indeed I have. I was miserable while you were away. I cannot live without you. They shall not separate us." And again she buried her head.

"Oh, let us die together, Harry!" He pressed her still closer to him.

"Kate, darling, look at me. Tell me again that you love me—you make me so happy. Do you really love me, very, very much?"

She raised her head, and, looking fondly in his face, said:

"Harry, I love you better than all the world. Oh, do live for me!"

"Darling! my own darling! I am so happy. Give me one kiss. Say once more that you love me, and that if I live you will be my wife."

"Nothing shall separate us. I am yours in life and death, Harry!"

"Then I will live, darling!" he exclaimed, springing to his feet, "for your sake and my own!"

She started back in astonishment, but he caught her in his arms, pressed her to his heart, and whispered: "Will it not be pleasanter to live than to die for each other, darling?"

"Oh, Harry, I am so happy," she murmured, as she nestled closer to him.

It was soon explained. Harry had determined to find out the true state of her heart. He felt pretty sure that she did really love him, but that she would not acknowledge it. He had made up his mind that she should. He therefore resorted to this plan. He chalked his face, selected a spot where the moonlight fell upon it, making him look ghastly pale; he then calmly laid himself upon the ground and fired the pistol off. Our readers know the result.

To account for the coolness of the others he had told one of his friends, and asked him to satisfy all, excepting Kate, by hinting at the truth.

It is needless to say that there was a wedding soon afterward; and a happier couple is rarely seen. Kate is as light-hearted as ever, but looks more lovely as the fond wife than as the gay coquette.

### FUN FOR THE FAMILY.

A YOUNG lady engaged to be married, and getting sick of the bargain, applied to a friend to help her untie the knot before it was too late.

"Oh, certainly," he replied; "it's very easy to untie it now, while it's a *beau knot*."

TWO GENTLEMEN, conversing together on the badness of the times, and observing a flock of pigeons, one remarked:

"How happy they are; they have no acceptances to provide for!"

"Indeed," replied the other, "you are mistaken, for they have bills to provide for as well as we."

SOME years ago a man whose marriage had been published in a paper with his name wrongly spelled, called to have it corrected. He said he was one of that class whose name never appeared in a newspaper but whose during the course of their lives—once when they are married, and again after death. As he could not see to having the name given correctly on the last occasion, he was very anxious it should be right on the first.

A YOUNG lady of eighteen, Miss B., was engaged to be married to a gentleman of thirty-six. Her mother having noticed her low spirits for some time, inquired the reason.

"Oh, dear, mamma," replied the young lady, "I was thinking about my husband being twice my age!"

"That's very true; but he's only thirty-six."

"He's only thirty-six now, dear mamma; but when I'm sixty—"

"Well?"

"Oh, dear! why, then he'll be a hundred and twenty!"

AUNT SALLY, as she is called in our village, had lived a few years with us when she buried a second husband, the first having been buried in Rushville, some ten miles north; where she was first married.

Speaking of her great and recent affliction, she said: "We all have our trials and troubles, but I am most crazy now to know which of my two dear husbands I shall be buried alongside of."

She went so nearly crazy about it that she finally had to decide the question by taking a third.

"THE Ghost" is man's last conundrum, and everybody is obliged to give it up.

An insurance company heads its advertisement thus: "Best lives taken at lowest rates."

An English doctor sent in his bill to a disconsolate widow, "for curing your husband till he died."

If you wish to fatten a thin baby throw it out of the window and it will come down plump.

LITTLE girls believe in the man in the moon—big girls believe in a man in the honeymoon.

"I'm a broken man," exclaimed a poet.

"So I think," was the answer, "for I have seen your pieces."

WHAT is the difference between Noah's ark and an archbishop? One was a very high ark, but the other is a *hierarch*.

ON the subject of conundrums, it may be observed that men without arms ought to be successful in this line. They can none drum.

WHAT is the difference between a wealthy toper and a skillful miner? One turns his gold into quaris and the other turns his quaris into gold.

A PET little girl boasted to one of her friends that her father "kept a carriage."

"Ah, but," was the triumphant reply, "my father drives an omnibus."

A BOY in Springfield, to the inquiry why a ship is called "she," quitted his teacher with the reply, "because the rigging cost more than the hull."

A DISTURBED individual wonders how a few organ-grinders can manage to keep up so much music under his window. We presume it is done by taking turns.

A COUNTRY critic speaking of the music of a two dollar accordion, says: "The swell died away in delicious suffocation, like one singing a sweet song under the bed-clothes."

ONE of Josh Billings's maxims: "Rise airily, work hard and late, live on what you can't sell, give nothing away, and if you don't die rich and go to the devil you may sue me for damages."

"LOOK here, boy," said a nervous gentleman to an urchin who was munching candy at a lecture, "you are annoying me very much."

"No, I ain't neither," said the urchin. "I'm gnawing this 'ere candy."

SMITH spent two whole days and nights in considering an answer to the conundrum, "Why is an egg underdone like an egg overdone?" He would suffer no one to tell him, and at last hit upon the solution—Because both are *hardly* done.

TO MAKE a valuable speckled dog bullet-proof, Mark Twain says: "Take off his hide and line it with sheet-iron. Russia iron is the best, and is slicker and more showy than the common kind. Dogs prepared in this way do not mind bullets."





## MRS. CAUDLE'S CURTAIN LECTURES.

THE TWENTY-FIFTH LECTURE.—MRS. CAUDLE, WEARIED OF MARGATE, HAS "A GREAT DESIRE TO SEE FRANCE."

"Aren't you tired, Caudle? No? Well, was there ever such a man! But nothing ever tires you. Of course, it's all very well for you: yes, you can read your newspapers and—What? So can I? And I wonder what would become of the children if I did! No; it's enough for their father to lose his precious time, talking about politics, and bishops, and lords, and a pack of people who wouldn't care a pin if we hadn't a roof to cover us—it's well enough for—no, Caudle, no: I'm not going to worry you; I never worried you yet, and it isn't likely I should begin now. But that's always the way with you—always. I'm sure we should be the happiest couple alive, only you do so like to have all the talk to yourself. We're out upon pleasure, and therefore let's be comfortable. Still, I must say it—when you like, you're an aggravating man, Caudle, and you know it."

"What have you done now? There, now; we won't talk of it. No; let's go to sleep: otherwise we shall quarrel—I know we shall. What have you done, indeed! That I can't leave my home for a few days, but I must be insulted! Everybody upon the pier saw it. Saw what? How can you lie there in the bed and ask me? Saw what, indeed! Of course it was a planned thing—regularly settled before you left London. Oh, yes, I like your innocence, Mr. Caudle; not knowing what I'm talking about. It's a heart-breaking thing for a woman to say of her own husband, but you've been a wicked man to me. Yes; and all your tossing and tumbling about in the bed won't make it any better."

"Oh, it's easy enough to call a woman 'a dear soul.' I must be very dear, indeed, to you, when you bring down Miss Prettyman to—there now, you needn't shout like a wild savage. Do you know that you're not in your own house—do you know that we're in lodgings? What do you suppose the people will think of us? You needn't call out in that manner, for they can hear every word that's said. What do you say? Why don't I hold my tongue then? To be sure; anything for an excuse with you. Anything to stop my mouth. Miss Prettyman's to follow you here, and I'm to say nothing. I know she has followed you; and if you were to go before a magistrate, and take a shilling oath to the contrary, I wouldn't believe you. No, Caudle—I wouldn't."

"Very well then? Ha! what a heart you must have, to say 'very well,' and after the wife I've been to you. I'm to be brought from my own home—dragged down here to the seaside—to be laughed at before the world—don't tell me! Do you think I didn't see how she looked at you—how she poked up her farthing mouth—and—what? Why did I kiss her then? What's that to do with it? Appearances are one thing, Mr. Caudle, and feelings are another. As if women can't kiss one another without meaning anything by it! And you—I could see you—looked as cold and as formal at her as—well, Caudle—I wouldn't be the hypocrite you are for the world!"

"There, now, I've heard all that story. I dare say she did come down to join her brother. How very lucky, though, that you should be here! Ha! ha! how very lucky that—ugh! ugh! ugh! and with the cough I've got upon me—oh, you've a heart like a seaside flint! Yes, that's right. That's just like your humanity. I can't catch a cold, but it must be my own fault—it must be my thin shoes. I dare say you'd like to see me in plowman's boots; 'twould be no matter to you how I disfigured myself. Miss Prettyman's foot, now, would be another thing—no doubt."

"I thought when you would make me leave home—I thought we were coming here on pleasure; but it's always the way you embitter my life. The sooner that I'm out of the world the better. What do you say? Nothing? But I know what you mean, better than if you talked an hour. I only hope you'll get a better wife—that's all—Mr. Caudle. What? You'd not try? Wouldn't you? I know you? In six months you'd fill up my place; yes, and dreadfully my dear children would suffer for it."

"Caudle, if you roar in that way, the people will give us warning to-morrow. Can't I be quiet then? Yes—that's like your artfulness; anything to make me hold my tongue. But we won't quarrel. I'm sure if it depended upon me, we might

be as happy as doves. I mean it—and you needn't groan when I say it. Good-night, Caudle. What do you say? Bless me! Well, you are a dear soul, Caudle; and if it wasn't for that Miss Prettyman—no, I'm not torturing you. I know very well what I'm doing, and I wouldn't torture you for the world; but you don't know what the feelings of a wife are, Caudle—you don't."

"Caudle—I say, Caudle—just a word, dear. Well? Now, why should you snap me up that way. You want to go to sleep? So do I; but that's no reason you should speak to me in that manner. You know, dear, you once promised to take me to France. You don't recollect it? Yes—that's like you; you don't recollect many things you've promised me—but I do. There's a boat goes on Wednesday to Boulogne, and comes back the day afterward. What of it? Why, for that time we could leave the children with the girls, and go nicely. Nonsense? Of course; if I want anything it's always nonsense. Other men can take their wives half over the world; but you think it quite enough to bring me down here to this hole of a place, where I know every pebble on the beach like an old acquaintance—where there's nothing to be seen but the same machines—the same jetty—the same donkeys—the same everything. But then, I'd forgot—Margate has an attraction for you—Miss Prettyman's here. No; I'm not censorious, and I wouldn't backbite an angel; but the way in which that young woman walks the sands at all hours—there! there!—I've done; I can't open my lips about that creature, but you always storm."

"You know that I always wanted to go to France; and you bring me down here only on purpose that I should see the French cliffs—just to tantalize me, and for nothing else. If I'd remained at home—and it was against my will I ever came here—I should never have thought of France; but to have it staring in one's face all day, and not be allowed to go! It's worse than cruel, Mr. Caudle—it's brutal. Other people can take their wives to Paris, but you always keep me moped up at home. And for what? Why, that I may know nothing—yes; just on purpose to make me look little and for nothing else."

"Heaven bless the woman! Ha! you've good reason to say that, Mr. Caudle, for I'm sure she's little blessed by you. She's been kept a prisoner all her life—has never gone anywhere—oh, yes! that's your old excuse—talking of the children. I want to go to France, and I should like to know what the children have to do with it? They're not babies now—are they? But you've always thrown the children in my face. If Miss Prettyman—there now; do you hear what you've done—shouting in that manner? The other lodgers are knocking overhead; who do you think will have the face to look at 'em to-morrow morning? I shan't—breaking people's rest in that way!"

"Well, Caudle—I declare it's getting daylight, and what an obstinate man you are!—tell me, shall I go to France?"

"I forget," says Caudle, "my precise answer; but I think I gave her a very wide permission to go somewhere, whereupon, though not without remonstrance as to the place—she went to sleep."

**MEDICAL POWERS OF MUSIC.**—The associations produced by national airs, and illustrated by the effect of the *Ranz des Vaches* upon the Swiss, are too well known to be related; and the *mal de pays* or *nostalgia*, is an affection aggravated by the fond airs of infancy and youth during the sad hours of emigration, when the aching heart lingers after home and early ties of friendship and of love. It is somewhat singular, but this disease is frequent among soldiers in countries where they are forcibly made to march; but is seldom, if ever, observed in the fair sex, who most probably seek for admiration in every clime, and are reconciled by flattery to any region. The whims of unusual composers have often been most singular; Gluck composed in a garden, quaffing champagne; Bart, in a dark room; Paevello, in his bed; Sacchini, with a favorite cat perched upon each shoulder. The extraordinary fancies of Kutawars, composer of the "Battle of Prague," are too well known, and led to his melancholy but unpitied end.

**QUEEN HORTENSE.**—A lady of considerable literary reputation declared some time since that the pre-ent Emperor of France entrusted her with his mother's papers for the purpose of editing them for publication; but that, after having made herself thoroughly acquainted with their character, she had returned them to her Imperial patron, with the statement that she could not put her name to such materials. We do not place much reliance on the anecdote, but can vouch for the declaration having been made.

## PICTORIAL PROVERBS.

That's a good saw. The man who set that saw or who saw it set, which is much about the same thing, could see what a saw ought to be, and it is quite probable, therefore, that he was the sawyer who invented the game of sec-saw. There's room enough in the world for all—isn't that so? True that "all the world's a stage; but did anybody ever see a stage—especially a Broadway stage—so bloated that it couldn't hold one passenger more when it was as full as it could hold? A sharp old saw is that about the barber: a saw made out of a razor, and warranted to give satisfaction or else money returned. Room for all. There be barbers for the rich and barbers for the poor; barbers for white folks and barbers for colored folks; and so of doctors, and lawyers, and all the other shavers that shave. Room for all. Don't crowd the door-way, gentlemen: room for all.

Come, now, good sir or madam, don't envy the fellow—masculine or feminine—who sits above you on the step-ladder of life, or soars over your head upon the pinions of superior ability. Run your fastest in the race of life, but if, like the fox in the proverb, you fail to catch the flying pullet, don't go into grief because nature has failed to provide you, too, with wings. Granted, that the chicken escapes by its wings from the fox's grasp, but then the falcon strikes ever at the bird that flies, and the fox's teeth are no worse than the falcon's talons. The flying-



"ONE BARBER SHAVES NOT SO CLOSE BUT ANOTHER CAN FIND WORK."

the donkey's head and have wasted your "soap." In our passage through life, many an ass's head we meet with upon human shoulders. Bottom, the weaver, was not the first who was thus "translated," neither was he the last. If the brains were outside the ass's head washing might have some effect; but as they are neither outside nor inside, better let the washing alone, and save your soap for your own shipwrecked speculations, when you can wash yourself ashore with it.



"THE FOX RUNS, BUT THE CHICKEN HAS WINGS."

fish evades the dolphin's pursuit only to fall into the gullet of the gaping abstruser. Let those who can soar, soar, and don't feel sore about it. "The chicken has wings." Of course it has, but they are not intended for flying with, only. Recollect what a delicate *bonne bouche* a chicken's "liver wing" is, and that the manifold destiny of the average chicken is to be eaten with parsley and butter. Be modest, then, about your high flights, and don't dispise those who walk upon earth while you travel in air.

Dust is one of the quietest nuisances to which earth is subject, so long as it is let alone. Sensible persons generally do let it alone very severely, but there is another sort of people who never can get through life without kicking up a dust. In vulgar language such persons are usually called "blowers." They blow and blow, and blow, until, like the foolish boy who makes the dust fly in the road, they get blinded by their own blowing. Let a nest of hornets be, should you fall in with one in the wood, and you can pass by it in safety; but only pole the end of your cane into it and lo! what a swarm you bring upon your devoted head! There is dust in all the departments of life, and we must get rid of it; but not by blowing. Blow for blow is an old rule; and so with him who fights the dust—the blow recoils upon the blower.

You happen to drop in on an evening to see Snoddlies, and, for want of something better to talk about, the conversation is all of one Snoddlies, who is a friend of Snoddlies, but doesn't happen to be of the party tonight. The peculiarities of Snoddlies are dilated upon. One tells the famous anecdote about Snoddlies and the goose. Another allows that Snoddlies is certainly the best-natured fellow in the world, but inquires weakness



"TALK OF THE WOLF AND YOU SEE HIS TAIL."

to him on the subject of waistcoats. A third wonders what Snoddlies does for a living, and retails anecdotes which place that individual in the position of a pensioner upon his friends. Then up gets Snoddlies, who is a comic mon, and while he is mimicking the pompous manner in which Snoddlies talks and walks, enter Snoddlies, and everybody is knocked all of a heap, as if by a flash of lightning. So it is that if you mention a certain old gentleman in black he is sure to make his appearance; and you cannot talk of the wolf but you are certain to get a glimpse of his tail.

Remember the story of the dog who dropped his piece of meat to grasp at its reflection in the water, and only got soaked for his pains and no dinner. Don't forget the pleasing anecdote about the old gentleman whose valuable goose laid for him a gold egg every morning, and whose squire led him to kill that opulent waterfowl in hope of discovering a mine of wealth among its giblets. Hold on to the substance while you can, and don't trouble yourself about the shadow. That is about the sentiment set forth in our proverb—"It is better to part with the Wool than with the Sheep." Fleece your sheep as often as you have a chance, and then feed him up and take good care of him until he grows another fleece for your shears. Never argue with a fool, because, although he cannot outwit you, yet you are unable to convince him, and so all your logic goes for nothing. Scrub a donkey's head ever so clean, and you'll find it full of thistles before sundown. Lend money to a doll, and instead of helping him, you only make him drivel worse than ever. You have washed



"IT IS BETTER TO PART WITH THE WOOL THAN WITH THE SHEEP."

of a person telling a falsehood, as if the mind was making an effort, as it were, to sever from the truth, thereby causing more nervous power to be evolved from the eye than on usual occasions. Frequent acts of deception imprint a peculiar cast to the features; we have seen the portrait of a French Jesuit prefixed to an old book—the smile of that face is superlatively Machiavello. Again, frequent mental labor appends its signet to the features; and many occupations leave their stamp on the face. Addison noticed a "deep attention" in a certain feeble sharpness in every countenance" he observed after passing Cheapside conduit.

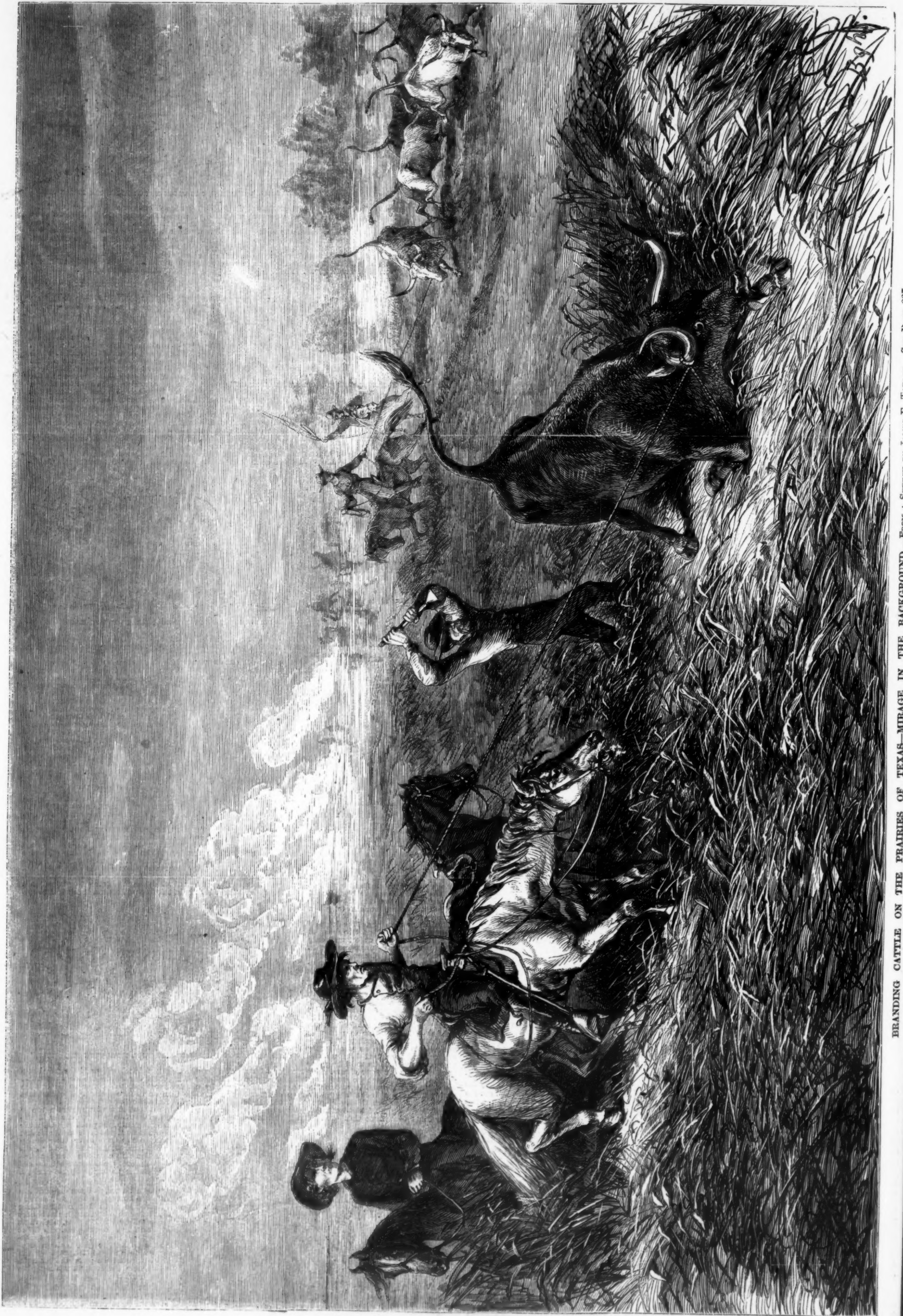
There appear to have been as Cæsar intimates, and the geographical affinities lead us to suppose, several dialects spoken in Britain at this time; along the south and south-east shores colonized by the Belgians, a German dialect in the centre-west, the Celtic of Gaul and Spain; along the north-east, a German tongue, perhaps identical with the old language of the Danish peninsula; in the extreme north, Celtic, with a mixture along the coast of old Swedish.

In Parisians have taken so kindly to horseflesh as food, that it is stated no less than 43,000 pounds of this substance is sold weekly by the Paris butchers.



"HE WHO WASHES AN ASS'S HEAD WASTES HIS SOAP."





BRANDING CATTLE ON THE PRAIRIES OF TEXAS—MIRAGE IN THE BACKGROUND.—FROM A SKETCH BY JAMES E. TAYLOR.—SEE PAGE 237.





DELUGE AT CANON WATER, A. T., MARCH 10, 1867, OVERTAKING THE GOVERNMENT TRAIN AND U. S. TROOPS EN ROUTE TO LA PAS, ARIZONA, UNDER COMMAND OF LIEUT. S. M'CONIHE.

#### DELUGE AT CANON WATER.

The following account of the sudden freshet at Canon Water, Arizona is taken from a letter describing the scene, and written by the lieutenant in command:

My command were all in camp, the wagons in park, the animals loose and herded together by 1 p. m. It had been cloudy and cool all the morning, but I had no idea of rain, as since I have been in this country I have often seen the clouds, as dark and numerous as at this

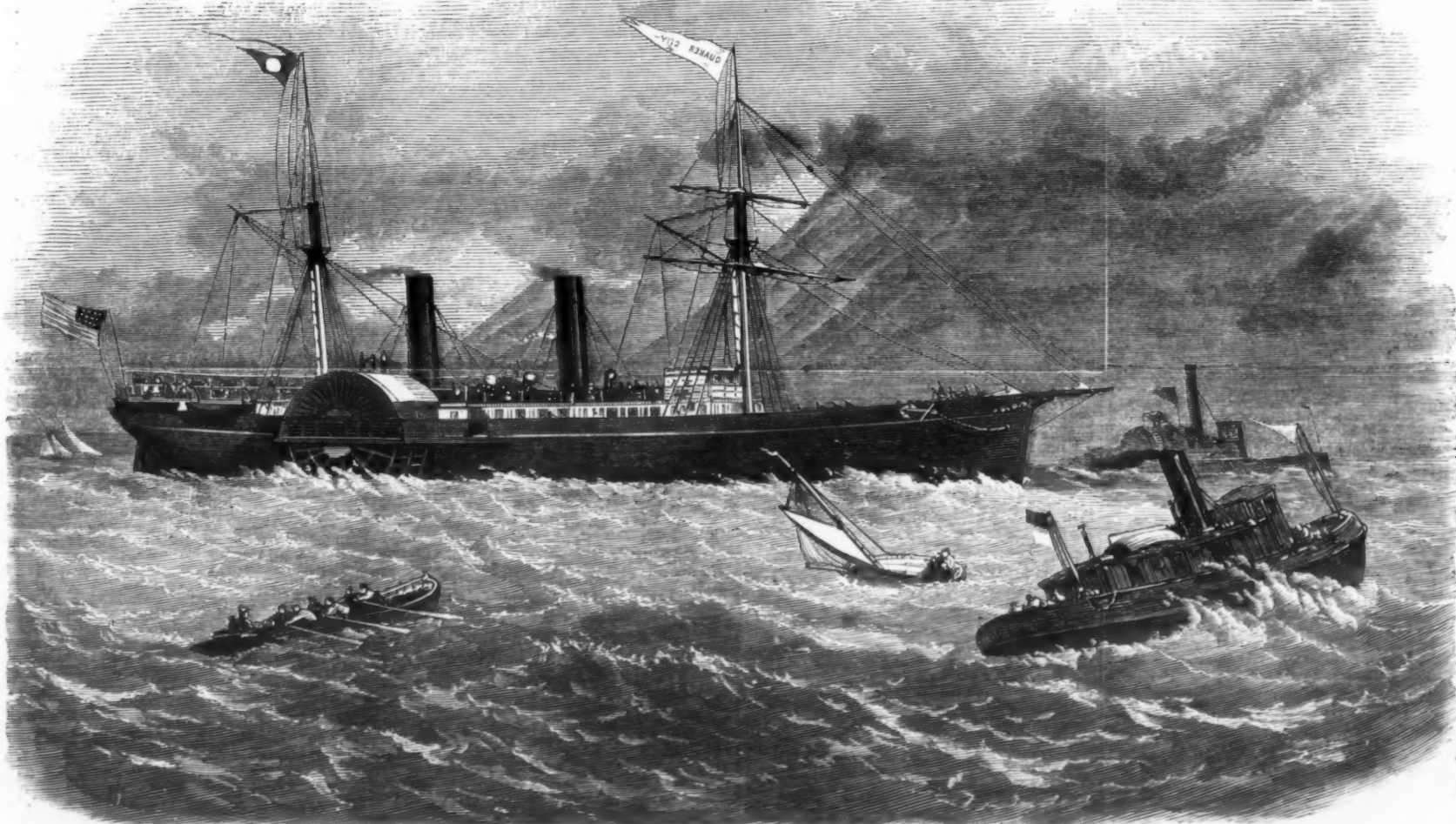
time, suddenly disappear, followed by great blasts of wind, but no rain.

About five p. m. there was thunder and occasionally lightning. The thunder was continuous and rolling, but not loud; soon followed by slight drops of rain, then by small hail, and then by rapid, thick, fast-falling hail of the largest size I have ever seen, as large as the horse-chestnuts in the Eastern States; this continued about five minutes. The frightened animals all ran up the side of the mountain to take shelter from overhanging rocks. The rain poured down furiously about

ten minutes, when a stream of water came rushing down the cañon. The men turned out with spades, thinking to change the current, and keep it from their tents, when suddenly great waves came tumbling down the gorge, six, eight, and some of them over fifteen feet high, one after another in quick succession, like so many cataracts chasing each other, covering up the whole valley, and transforming it into a large-sized river. Nothing could withstand this irresistible force. Large Government wagons, heavily loaded, were swept down the stream, broken, and the contents scattered

for two or three miles away from the scene. The water began to subside in about an hour's time, and it was not over two hours after its first onset when it had almost entirely disappeared, all having sank into the sand. Fortunately no lives were lost, although several were in great peril. The wagon containing the rations was saved by almost superhuman exertions; had they been lost we might have perished in the Colorado desert before relief could have been obtained.

Smaller floods occur frequently in this region; but one on so gigantic a scale I am told is unprecedented.



THE DEPARTURE OF THE STEAMSHIP QUAKER CITY FROM NEW YORK, WITH THE EXCURSIONISTS FOR THE HOLY LAND, ON SATURDAY, JUNE 8TH.—SEE PAGE 237.



## IN MEMORIAM.

BY EMMA ALICE BROWNE.

Now Spring's sweet toil begun,  
Soon in the woodlands, bare,  
The vernal air  
With timid kisses shall the young buds greet!  
And from each reedy lair—  
The violet's dim retreat—  
Soon shall, with laughter sweet,  
And rush of silvery feet,  
The merry brooklets in the sunshine run!

But from our darkened home  
Never shall tinkling laugh of wind or wave,  
Lift the sad spell that seals her young lips dumb,  
Banish her phantom from each silent room,  
Nor pluck the dreary shadow of her grave.  
Lost Lillian's.

She passed from us away,  
In life's sweet time of May.  
The blush on her soft cheek died out. Her hand,  
White with good deeds, and virgin purities,  
Shrank from earth's touch, as from the burning  
brand,  
Of Azrael's triple sword. Unconsciously,  
A hidden pain, like the unquiet sea's,  
Waived in her gentle speech. Her tender breast  
Bled 'neath the cross of thorns upon it pressed—  
The solemn burden of eternal grief  
Love laid upon her. Like the withered leaf,  
Torn by the sudden gusts of autumn-tide,  
And by the wild rains trodden out of sight,  
Vain human hope dropped from her soul, and  
died  
In the long stillness of eternal night!

The flower of her young lips—  
Dewy with early sweets—grew strangely pale,  
And from the shadow of her life's eclipse  
We saw in eyes that saw beyond the veil,  
The solemn dawn of Death's apocalypse.  
Alas! And so,  
Pure as unfallen snow,  
She fell with the young flowers, and all the sum-  
mer's glow!

She went with Death's still angel hand in hand  
Into that silent land  
Whose marble cities stand  
By a dark, fathomless, phantom-haunted river  
Whose billows wash the dim shores of Forever!  
Upon whose strands of silence every one  
Shall sleep in peace when life's long toil is done,  
The Realm of Rest—

The Kingdom of the Voiceless—and the Blest.  
Whose pallid highways wander from the sun,  
Thrid by our weary feet forevermore,  
Until the hidden river's muffled roar  
Breaks hoarse upon us, on the hither shore,  
And the dark shelter of its peace is won!

Now Spring's sweet toil begun,  
In all her changeful moods—  
In every balm-fed breeze—  
The life that stirs in every hidden root—  
The leafy joy that thrills the budding woods—  
In every tender shoot  
We read bright prophecies;  
The blushing promise of the flower and fruit,  
Of tinkling waters, and bird-melodies,  
And silver-crested harvests in the sun!  
But in our darkened home—  
Till the fair hills beyond  
God's hidden river show His Day hath dawned—  
Never shall gurgling laugh of wind, or wave,  
Nor phantom brightness of the days to come,  
Lift from our hearts the spell that seals them  
dumb,  
Banish her ghost from each familiar room,  
Nor pluck the solemn shadow of her grave!

THE LAST CHRONICLE OF  
BARSET.

BY ANTHONY TROLLOPE.

## CHAPTER XXXII—CONTINUED.

By this time Mr. Crawley was almost beside himself, and was altogether at a loss how to bring in the matter on which he wished to speak. He had expected to find a man who in the hurry of London business might perhaps just manage to spare him five minutes—who would grapple instantly with the subject that was to be discussed between them, would speak to him half-a-dozen hard words of wisdom, and would then dismiss him and turn on the instant to other matters of important business—but here was an easy familiar fellow, who seemed to have nothing on earth to do, and who at this first meeting had taken advantage of a distant family connection to tell him everything about the affairs of his own household. And then how peculiar were the domestic traits which he told! What was Mr. Crawley to say to a man who had taught his own children to call their mother Thais? Of Thais Mr. Crawley did know something, and he forgot to remember that perhaps Mr. Toogood knew less. He felt it, however, to be very difficult to submit the details of his case to a gentleman who talked in such a strain about his own wife and children.

But something must be done. Mr. Crawley, in his present frame of mind, could not sit and talk about Thais all day.

"Sir," he said, "the picture of your home is very pleasant, and I presume that plenty abounds there."

"Well, you know, pretty toll-oll for that. With twelve of 'em, Mr. Crawley, I needn't tell you they are not all going to have castles and parks of their own, unless they can get 'em off their own backs. But I pay upward of a hundred a year each for my eldest three boys' schoolings, and I've been paying eighty for the girls. Put that and that together and see what it comes to. Educate, educate, educate; that's my word."

"No better word can be spoken, sir."

"I don't think there's a girl in Tavistock Square that can beat Polly—she's the eldest, called after her mother, you know—that can beat her at the piano. And Lucy has read Lord Byron and Tom Moore all through, every word of 'em. By Jove, I believe she knows most of Tom Moore by heart. And the young uns are coming on just as well."

"Perhaps, sir, as your time is, no doubt, precious—"

"Just at this time of the day we don't care so much about it, Mr. Crawley; and one doesn't catch a new cousin every day, you know."

"However, if you will allow me—"

"We'll tackle to? Very well; so be it. Now, Mr. Crawley, let me hear what it is that I can do for you."

Of a sudden, as Mr. Toogood spoke these last words, the whole tone of his voice seemed to change, and even the position of his body became so much altered as to indicate a different kind of man.

"You just tell your story in your own way, and I won't interrupt you till you've done. That's always the best."

"I must first crave your attention to an unfortunate preliminary," said Mr. Crawley.

"And what is that?"

"I come before you in forma pauperis."

Here Mr. Crawley paused and stood up before the attorney with his hands crossed one upon the other, bending low, as though calling attention to the poorness of his raiment.

"I know that I have no justification for my conduct. I have nothing of reason to offer why I should trespass upon your time. I am a poor man, and cannot pay you for your services."

"Oh, bother!" said Mr. Toogood, jumping up out of his chair.

"I do not know whether your charity will grant me that which I ask—"

"Don't let's have any more of this," said the attorney. "We none of us like this kind of thing at all. If I can be of any service to you, you're as welcome to it as flowers in May; and as for billing my first cousin, which your wife is, I should as soon think of sending in an account to my own."

"But, Mr. Toogood—"

"Do you go on with your story; I'll put the rest all right."

"I was bound to be explicit, Mr. Toogood."

"Very well; now you have been explicit with a vengeance, and you may leave a-head. Let's hear the story, and if I can help you I will. When I've said that, you may be sure I mean it. I've heard something of it before; but let me hear it all from you."

Then Mr. Crawley began and told the story. Mr. Toogood was actually true to his promise and let the narrator go on with his narrative without interruption. When Mr. Crawley came to his own statement that the check had been paid to him by Mr. Soames, and went on to say that that statement had been false—"I told him that, but I told him so wrongly"—and then paused, thinking that the lawyer would ask some question, Mr. Toogood simply said:

"Go on; go on. I'll come back to all that when you've done."

And he merely nodded his head when Mr. Crawley spoke of his second statement, that the money had come from the dean.

"We had been bound together by close ties of early familiarity," said Mr. Crawley, "and in former years our estates in life were the same. But he has prospered and I have failed. And when creditors were importunate, I consented to accept relief in money which had previously been often offered. And I must acknowledge, Mr. Toogood, while saying this, that I have known—have known with heartfelt agony—that at former times my wife has taken that from my friend Mr. Arabin, with hand half-hidden from me, which I refused. Whether it is better to eat—the bread of charity—or not to eat bread at all, I, for myself, have no doubt," he said; "but when the want strikes one's wife and children, and the charity strikes only oneself, then there is a doubt."

When he spoke thus, Mr. Toogood got up, and thrusting his hands into his waistcoat pockets walked about the room, exclaiming:

"By George, by George, by George!"

But he still let the man go on with his story, and heard him out at last to the end.

"And they committed you for trial at the next Barchester assizes?" said the lawyer.

"They did."

"And you employed no lawyer before the magistrates?"

"None—I refused to employ any one."

"You were wrong there, Mr. Crawley. I must be allowed to say that you were wrong there."

"I may possibly have been so from your point of view, Mr. Toogood; but permit me to explain."

"It's no good explaining now. Of course you must employ a lawyer for your defense—an attorney who will put the case into the hands of counsel."

"But that I cannot do, Mr. Toogood."

"You must do it. If you don't do it, your friends should do it for you. If you don't do it, everybody will say you're mad. There isn't a single solicitor you could find within half a mile of you at this moment who wouldn't give you the same advice—not a single man, either, who has got a head on his shoulders worth a turnip."

When Mr. Crawley was told that madness would be laid to his charge if he did not do as he was bid, his face became very black, and assumed something of that look of determined obstinacy which it had worn when he was standing in the presence of the bishop and Mrs. Proudie. "It may be so," he said. "It may be as you say, Mr. Toogood. But these neighbors of yours, as to whose collected wisdom you speak with so much certainty, would hardly recommend me to indulge in a luxury for which I have no means of paying."

"Who thinks about paying under such circumstances as these?"

"I do, Mr. Toogood."

"The wretchedest costermonger that comes to grief has a barrister in a wig and gown to give him his chance of escape."

"But I am not a costermonger, Mr. Toogood—though more wretched perhaps than any costermonger now in existence. It is my lot to have to endure the sufferings of poverty, and at the same time not to be exempt from those feelings of honor to which poverty is seldom subject. I cannot afford to call in legal assistance for which I cannot pay—and I will not do it."

"I'll carry the case through for you. It certainly is not just my line of business—but I'll see it carried through for you."

"Out of your own pocket?"

"Never mind; when I say I'll do a thing, I'll do it."

"No, Mr. Toogood; this thing you can not do. But do not suppose I am the less grateful."

"What is it I can do then? Why do you come to me if you won't take my advice?"

After this the conversation went on for a considerable time without touching on any point which need be brought palpably before the reader's eye. The attorney continued to beg the clergyman to have his case managed in the usual way, and went so far as to tell him that he would be ill-treating his wife and family if he continued to be obstinate. But the clergyman was not shaken from his resolve, and was at last able to ask Mr. Toogood what he had better do—how he

had better attempt to defend himself—on the understanding that no legal aid was to be employed. When this question was at last asked in such a way as to demand an answer, Mr. Toogood sat for a moment or two in silence. He felt that an answer was not only demanded, but almost enforced; and yet there might be much difficulty in giving it.

"Mr. Toogood," said Mr. Crawley, seeing the attorney's hesitation, "I declare to you before God that my only object will be to enable the jury to know about this sad matter all that I know myself. If I could open my breast to them I should be satisfied. But then a prisoner can say nothing; and what he does say is ever accounted false."

"That is why you should have legal assistance."

"We had already come to a conclusion on that matter, as I thought," said Mr. Crawley.

Mr. Toogood paused for another moment or two, and then dashed at his answer; or rather, dashed at a counter question. "Mr. Crawley, where did you get the check? You must pardon me, you know; or, if you wish it, I will not press the question. But so much hangs on that, you know."

"Every thing would hang on it—if I only knew."

"You mean that you forget?"

"Absolutely; totally. I wish, Mr. Toogood, I could explain to you the toilsome perseverance with which I have cudgelled my poor brains, endeavoring to extract from them some scintilla of memory that would aid me."

"Could you have picked it up in the house?"

"No; no; that I did not do. Dull as I am, I know so much. It was mine of right, from whatever source it came to me. I know myself as no one else can know me, in spite of the wise man's motto. Had I picked up a check in my house, or on the road, I should not have slept till I had taken steps to restore it to the seeming owner. So much I can say. But, otherwise, I am in such matters so shandy-pated, that I can trust myself to be sure of nothing. I thought—I certainly thought—"

"You thought what?"

"I thought that it had been given to me by my friend the dean. I remember well that I was in his library at Barchester, and I was somewhat provoked in spirit. There were lying on the floor hundreds of volumes, all glittering with gold, and reeking with new leather from the binder's. He asked me to look at his toys. Why should I look at them? There was a time, but the other day it seemed, when he had been glad to borrow from me such treasures as I had. And it seemed to me that he was heartless in showing me these things. Well; I need not trouble you with all that."

"Go on; go on. Let me hear it all, and I shall learn something."

"I know how vain, how vile I was. I always know afterward how vile the spirit has groveled. I had gone to him then because I had resolved to humble myself, and, for my wife's sake to ask my friend—for money. With words which were very awkward—which no doubt were ungracious—I had asked him, and he had bid me follow from his hall into his library. Then he left me awhile, and on returning told me with a smile that he had sent for money, and, if I can remember, the sum he named was fifty pounds."

"But it has turned out, as you say, that you have paid fifty pounds with this money—besides the check."

"That is true—that is quite true. There is no doubt of that. But as I was saying—then he fell to talking about the books, and I was angered. I was very sore in my heart. From the moment in which the words of beggary had passed from my lips, I had repented. And he laughed and had taken it gayly. I turned upon him and told him that I had changed my mind. I was grateful, but I would not have his money. And so I prepared to go. But he argued with me, and would not let me go, telling me of my wife and of my children, and while he argued there came a knock at the door, and something was handed in, and I knew that it was the hand of his wife."

"It was the money, I suppose."

"Yes, Mr. Toogood, it was the money. And I became the more uneasy, because she herself is rich. I liked it the less because it seemed to come from her hand. But I took it. What could I do when he reminded me that I could not keep my parish unless certain sums were paid? He gave me a little parcel in a cover, and I took it, and left him sorrowing. I had never before come quite to that—though, indeed, it had in fact been often so before. What was the difference whether the alms were given into my hands or into my wife's?"

"You are too touchy about it all, Mr. Crawley?"

"Of course I am. Do you try it and see whether you will be touchy. You have worked hard at your profession, I daresay."

"Well, yes; pretty well. To tell the truth, I have worked hard. By George, yes! It's not so bad now as it used to be."

"But you have always earned your bread—bread for yourself, and bread for your wife and little ones. You can buy tickets for the play."

"I couldn't always buy tickets, mind you."

"I have worked as hard, and yet I cannot get bread. I am older than you, and I cannot earn my bare bread. Look at my clothes. If you had to go and beg from Mr. Crump, would not you be touchy?"

"As it happens, Crump isn't so well off as I am."

"Never mind. But I took it and went home, and for two days I did not look at it. And then there came an illness upon me, and I know not what passed. But two men who had been hard on me came to the house when I was out, and my wife was in a terrible state; and I gave her the money, and she went into Silverbridge and paid them."

"And this check was with what you gave her?"

"No; I gave her money in notes—just fifty pounds. When I gave it her, I thought I gave it all; and yet, afterward, I thought I remembered that in my illness I had found the check with the dean's money. But it was not so."

"You are sure of that?"

"He has said that he put five notes of ten pounds each into the cover, and such notes I certainly gave to my wife."

"Where, then, did you get the check?"

Mr. Crawley again paused before he answered.

"Surely, if you will exert your mind you will remember," said the lawyer. "Where did you get the check?"

"I do not know."

Mr. Toogood threw himself back in his chair, took his knee up into his lap, and began to think of it. He sat thinking of it for some minutes without a word—perhaps for five minutes, though the time seemed much longer to Mr. Crawley, who was, however, determined that he would not interrupt him. And Mr. Toogood's thoughts were at variance with Mr. Toogood's former words. Perhaps, after all, this scheme of Mr. Crawley's—or

rather the mode of defense on which he had resolved without any scheme—might be the best of which the case admitted. It might be well that he should go into court without a lawyer.

"He has convinced me of his innocence," Mr. Toogood said to himself, "and why should he not convince a jury? He has convinced me, not because I am specially soft or because I love the man—for as to that I dislike him rather than otherwise—but because there is either real truth in his words, or else so well-feigned a show of truth that no jury can tell the difference. I think it is true. By George, I think he did get the twenty pounds honestly and that he does not this moment know where he got it. He may have put his finger into my eye; but, if so, why not also into the eyes of a jury?"

Then he released his leg, and spoke something of his thoughts aloud.

"It's a sad story," he said; "a very sad story."

"Well, yes, it is sad enough. If you could see my house, you'd say so."

"I haven't a doubt but what you're as innocent as I am."

Mr. Toogood, as he said this, felt a little twinge of conscience. He did believe Mr. Crawley to be innocent, but he was not so sure of it as his words would seem to imply. Nevertheless he repeated the words again—"as innocent as I am."

"I don't know," said Mr. Crawley. "I don't know. I think I am; but I don't know."

"I believe you are. But you see the case is a very distressing one. A jury has a right to say that the man in possession of a check for twenty pounds should account for his possession of it. If I understand the story aright, Mr. Soames will be able to prove that he brought the check into your house, and as far as he knows, never took it out again."

"I suppose so; all the same, if he brought it in then did he also take it out again."

"I am saying what he will prove—or in other words, what he will state upon oath. You can't contradict him. You can't get into the box to do it—even if that would be of any avail; and I am glad that you cannot, as it would be of no avail. And you can put no one else into the box who can do so."

"No, no."

"That is to say, we think you cannot do so. People can do so many things that they don't think they can do so; and can't do so many things that they think that they can do! When will the dean be home?"

"I don't know."

"Before the trial?"

"I don't know. I have no idea."

"It's almost a toss up whether he'd do more harm or good if he were there."

"I wish he might be there if he has anything to say, whether it might be for harm or good."

"And Mrs. Arabin—she is with him?"

"They tell me she is not. She is in Europe. He is in Palestine."

"In Palestine, is he?"

"So they tell me. A dean can go where he likes. He has no cure of souls to stand in the way of his pleasures."

"He hasn't—hasn't he? I wish I were a dean, that is, if I were not a lawyer. Might I write a line to the dean—and to Mrs. Dean, if it seemed fit? You wouldn't mind that? As you have come to see your cousin at last—and very glad I am that you have—you must leave him a little discretion. I won't say anything I oughtn't to say."

Mr. Crawley opposed this scheme for some time, but at last consented to the proposition.

"And I'll tell you what, Mr. Crawley, I am very fond of cathedrals, I am indeed; and I have long wanted to see Barchester. There's a very fine what-you-may-call-'em, isn't there? Well, I'll just run down at the assizes. We have nothing to do in London when the judges are in the country—of course."

Mr. Toogood looked into Mr. Crawley's eyes as he said this, to see if his inquiry were detected, but the perpetual curate was altogether innocent in these matters.

"Yes; I'll just run down for a mouthful of fresh air. Of course I shan't open my mouth in court. But I might say one word to the dean, if he's there—and one word to Mr. Soames. Who is conducting the prosecution?"

Mr. Crawley said that Mr. Walker was doing so.

"Walker, Walker, Walker? Oh, yes; Walker & Winthrop, isn't it? A decent sort of man, I suppose?"

"I have heard nothing to his discredit, Mr. Toogood."

"And that's saying a great deal for a lawyer. Well, Mr. Crawley, if nothing else comes out between this and that—nothing, that is, that shall clear your memory about that unfortunate bit of paper, you must simply tell your story to the jury as you've told it to me. I don't think any twelve men in England would convict you—I don't indeed."

"You think they would not?"

"Of course I've only heard one side, Mr. Crawley."

"No—no—no, that is true."

"But judging as well as I can from one side, I don't think a jury can convict you. At any rate I'll see you at Barchester, and I'll write a line or two before the trial, just to find out anything that can be found out. And you're sure you won't come and take a bit of mutton with us in the Square? The girls would be delighted to see you, and so would Maria."

Mr. Crawley said that he was quite sure he could not do that, and then having tendered reiterated thanks to his new friend in words which were touching in spite of their old-fashioned gravity, he took his leave, and walked back again to the public-house at Paddington.

He returned home to Hoggstock on the same afternoon, reaching that place at nine in the evening. During the whole of the day after leaving Raymond's Buildings, he was thinking of the lawyer, and of the words which the lawyer had spoken. Although he had been disposed to quarrel with Mr. Toogood on many points, although he had been more than once disgusted by the attorney's bad taste, shocked by his low morality, and almost insulted by his easy familiarity, still, when the interview was over, he liked the attorney.

When first Mr. Toogood had begun to talk, he regretted very much that he had subjected himself to the necessity of discussing his private affairs with such a windbag of a man; but when he left the chamber, he trusted Mr. Toogood altogether, and was very glad that he had sought his aid. He was tired and exhausted when he reached home, as he had eaten nothing but a biscuit or two since his breakfast, but his wife got him food and tea, and then asked him as to his success.

"Was my cousin kind to you?"

"Very kind—more than kind—perhaps somewhat too pressing in his kindness. But I find no fault. God forbid that I should. He is, I think, a good man, and certainly has been good to me."

"And what is to be done?"

"He will write to the dean."

"I am glad of that."



"And he will be at Barchester."  
 "Thank God for that."  
 "But not as my lawyer."  
 "Nevertheless, I thank God that some one will be there who will know how to give you assistance and advice."

## CHAPTER XXXIII.—THE PLUMSTEAD FOXES.

The letters had been brought into the breakfast parlor at Plumstead Rectory one morning, and the archdeacon had inspected them all, and then thrown over to his wife her share of the spoil—as was the custom of the house. As to most of Mrs. Grantly's letters, he never made any further inquiry. To letters from her sister, the dean's wife, he was profoundly indifferent, and rarely made any inquiry as to those which were directed in writing with which he was not familiar. But there were others as to which, as Mrs. Grantly knew, he would be sure to ask her questions if she did not show them. No note ever reached her from Lady Hartlepool as to which he was not curious, and yet Lady Hartlepool's notes very seldom contained much that was of interest. Now, on this morning, there came a letter which, as a matter of course, Mrs. Grantly read at breakfast, and which, she knew, would not be allowed to disappear without inquiry. Nor, indeed, did she wish to keep the letter from her husband. It was too important to be so treated. But she would have been glad to gain time to think in what spirit she would discuss the contents of the letter—if only such time might be allowed to her. But the archdeacon would allow her no time. "What does Henry say, my dear?" he asked, before the breakfast things had been taken away.

"What does he say? Well, he says—'I'll give you his letter to read by-and-by.'"  
 "And why not now?"  
 "I thought I'd read it again myself, first."  
 "But if you have read it, I suppose you know what's in it?"  
 "Not very clearly, as yet. However, there it is." She knew very well that when she had once been asked for it, no peace would be allowed to her till he had seen it. And, alas! there was not much probability of peace in the house for some time after he should see it.

The archdeacon read the three or four first lines in silence—and then he burst out. "He has, has he? Then, by heavens—"

"Stop, dearest, stop," said his wife, rising from her chair and coming over to him; "do not say words which you will surely repent."

"I will say words which shall make him repent. He shall never have from me a son's portion."  
 "Do not make threats in anger. Do not! You know that it is wrong. If he has offended you, say nothing about it—even to yourself—as to threatened punishments, till you can judge of the offense in cool blood."

"I am cool," said the archdeacon.  
 "No, my dear, no; you are angry. And you have not even read his letter through."

"I will read his letter."

"You will see that the marriage is not imminent. It may be that even yet it will never take place. The young lady has refused him."

"Pshaw!"  
 "You will see that she has done so. He tells us so himself. And she has behaved very properly."

"Why has she refused him?"  
 "There can be no doubt about the reason. She feels that, with this charge hanging over her father, she is not in a position to become the wife of any gentleman. You cannot but respect her for that."

Then the archdeacon finished his son's letter, uttering sundry interjections and ejaculations as he did so.

"Of course; I knew it. I understood it all," he said at last. "I've nothing to do with the girl. I don't care whether she be good or bad."

"Oh, my dear!"

"I care not at all, with reference to my own concerns. Of course I would wish that the daughter of a neighboring clergyman—that the daughter of any neighbor—that the daughter of any one whatsoever—should be good rather than bad. But as regards Henry and me, and our mutual relation, her goodness can make no difference. Let her be another Grizel, and still such a marriage must estrange him from me, and me from him."

"But she has refused him."

"Yes; and what does he say?—that he has told her that he will not accept her refusal. Of course we know what it all means. The girl I am not judging—the girl I will not judge; but my own son, to whom I have ever done a father's duty with a father's affectionate indulgence—him I will judge. I have warned him, and he declares himself to be careless of my warning. I shall take no notice of this letter; I shall neither write to him about it, or speak to him about it. But I charge you to write to him, and tell him that if he does this thing he shall not have a child's portion from me. It is not that I will shorten that which would have been his; but he shall have nothing!"

Then, having spoken these words with a solemnity which for the moment silenced his wife, he got up and left the room. He left the room and closed the door, but, before he had gone half the length of the hall toward his own study, he returned and addressed his wife again.

"You understand my instructions, I hope?"

"What instructions?"

"That you write to Henry and tell him what I say."

"I will speak again to you about it by-and-by."

"I will speak no more about it—not a word more. Let there be not a word more said, but oblige me by doing as I ask you."

Then he was again about to leave the room, but she stopped him.

"Wait a moment, my dear."

"Why should I wait?"

"That you may listen to me; surely you will do that when I ask you? I will write to Henry, of course, if you bid me, and I will give him your message, whatever that may be—but not to-day, my dear."

"Why not to-day?"

"Because the sun shall go down upon your wrath before I become its messenger. If you choose to write to-day yourself, I cannot help it. I cannot hinder you. If I am to write to him on your behalf I will take my instructions from you to-morrow morning. When to-morrow morning comes you will not be angry with me because of the delay."

The archdeacon was by no means satisfied; but he knew his wife too well, and himself too well, and the world too well, to insist on the immediate gratification of his passion. Over his bosom's mistress he did exercise a certain marital control, which was, for instance, quite sufficiently fixed to enable him to look down with thorough contempt on such a one as Bishop Proudie; but he was not a despot who could exact a passive obedience to every fantasy. His wife would not have written the letter for him on that day, and he knew very

well that she would not do so. He knew also that she was right, and yet he regretted his want of power. His anger at the present moment was very hot—so hot that he wished to wreak it. He knew that it would cool before to-morrow; and, no doubt, knew also, theoretically, that it would be most fitting that it should cool. But not the less was it a matter of regret to him that so much good hot anger should be wasted, and that he could not have his will of his disobedient son while it lasted. He might, no doubt, have written himself, but to have done so would not have suited him. Even in his anger he could not have written to his son without using the ordinary terms of affection, and in his anger he could not bring himself to use those terms.

"You will find that I shall be of the same mind to-morrow—exactly," he said to his wife. "I have resolved about it long since; and it is not likely that I shall change in a day."

Then he went out, about his parish, intending to continue to think of his son's iniquity, so that he might keep his anger hot—red hot. Then he remembered that the evening would come, and that he would say his prayers; and he shook his head in regret—in a regret of which he was only half conscious, though it was very keen, and which he did not attempt to analyze—as he reflected that his rage would hardly be able to survive that ordeal. How common with us it is to repine that the devil is not stronger over us than he is.

The archdeacon, who was a wealthy man, had purchased a property in Plumstead, contiguous to the glebe-land, and had thus come to exercise in the parish the double duty of rector and squire. And of this estate in Barchester, which extended beyond the confines of Plumstead into the neighboring parish of Eiderdown, and which comprised also an outlying farm in the parish of Stoppington—Stoke Pinguin would have been the proper name, had not barbarous Saxon tongues clipped it of its proper proportions—he had always intended that his son Charles should enjoy the inheritance. There was other property, both in land and money, for his elder son, and other again for the maintenance of his wife, for the archdeacon's father had been for many years Bishop of Barchester, and such a bishopric as that of Barchester had been in those days was worth money.

Of his intention in this respect he had never spoken in plain language to either of his sons; but the major had for the last year or two enjoyed the shooting of the Barchester covers, giving what orders he pleased about the game; and the father had encouraged him to take something like the management of the property into his hands. There might be some fifteen hundred acres of it altogether, and the archdeacon had rejoiced over it with his wife scores of times, saying that there was many a squire in the county whose elder son would never find himself half so well placed as would his younger son.

Now there was a string of narrow woods called Plumstead Coppices which ran from a point near the church right across the parish, dividing the archdeacon's land from the Ullathorne estate, and these coppices, or belts of woodland, belonged to the archdeacon.

On the morning of which we are speaking, the archdeacon, mounted on his cob, still thinking of his son's iniquity and of his own fixed resolve to punish him as he had said that he would punish him, opened with his whip a woodland gate, from which a green muddy lane led through the trees up to the house of his gamekeeper. The man's wife was ill, and in his ordinary way of business the archdeacon was about to call and ask after her health. At the door of the cottage he found the man, who was woodman as well as gamekeeper, and was responsible for fences and fagots, as well as for foxes and pheasants' eggs.

"How's Martha, Flurry?" said the archdeacon.

"Thanking your reverence, she is a deal improved since the mistress was here—last Tuesday it was, I think."

"I'm glad of that. It was only rheumatism, I suppose?"

"Just a titch of fever with it, your reverence, the doctor said."

"Tell her I was asking after it. I won't mind getting down to-day, as I am rather busy. She has had what she wanted from the house?"

"The mistress has been very good in that way. She always is, God bless her!"

"Good-day to you, Flurry. I'll ask Mr. Sims to come and read to her a bit this afternoon, or to-morrow morning."

The archdeacon kept two curates, and Mr. Sims was one of them.

"She'll take it very kindly, your reverence. But while you are here, sir, there's just a word I'd like to say. I didn't happen to catch Mr. Henry when he was here the other day."

"Never mind Mr. Henry; what is it you have to say?"

"I do think, I indeed, sir, that Mr. Thorne's man ain't dealing fairly along of the foxes. I wouldn't say a word about it, only that Mr. Henry is so particular."

"What about the foxes? What is he doing with the foxes?"

"Well, sir, he's a trapping on 'em. He is, indeed, your reverence. I wouldn't speak if I wasn't well nigh mortal sure."

Now the archdeacon had never been a hunting man, though in his early days many a clergyman had been in the habit of hunting without losing his clerical character by doing so; but he had lived all his life among gentlemen in a hunting county, and had his own very strong ideas about the trapping of foxes. Foxes first, and pheasants afterward, had always been the rule with him as to any land of which he himself had had the management. And no man understood better than he did how to deal with keepers as to this matter of fox-preserving, or knew better that keepers will in truth obey not the words of their employers, but their sympathies. "Wish them to have foxes, and pay them, and they will have them," Mr. Sowerby of Chaldicotes used to say, and he in his day was reckoned to be the best preserver of foxes in Barchester. "Tell them to have them, and don't wish it, and pay them well, and you won't have a fox to interfere with your game. I don't care what a man says to me, I can read it all like a book when I see his covers drawn." That was what poor Mr. Sowerby of Chaldicotes used to say, and the archdeacon had heard him say it a score of times, and had learned the lesson. But now his heart was not with the foxes—and especially not with the foxes on behalf of his son Henry.

"I can't have any meddling with Mr. Thorne," he said; "I can't, and I won't."

"But I don't suppose it can be Mr. Thorne's order, your reverence; and Mr. Henry is so particular."

"Of course it isn't Mr. Thorne's order. Mr. Thorne has been a hunting man all his life."

"But he have got up now, your reverence. He ain't a hunted these two years."

"I'm sure he wouldn't have the foxes trapped."

"Not if he knewed it, he wouldn't, your rev-

erence. A gentleman of the likes of him, who's been a hunting over fifty years, wouldn't do the likes of that; but the foxes is trapped, and Mr. Henry'll be a putting it on me if I don't speak out. They is Plumstead foxes, too; and a vixen was trapped just across the field yonder, in Gosball Springs, no later than yesterday morning."

Flurry was now thoroughly in earnest; and, indeed, the trapping of a vixen in February is a serious thing.

"Gosball Springs don't belong to me," said the archdeacon.

"No, your reverence; they're on the Ullathorne property. But a word from your reverence would do it. Mr. Henry thinks more of the foxes than anything. The last word he told me was that it would break his heart if he saw the coppices drawn blank."

"Then he must break his heart." The words were pronounced, but the archdeacon had so much command over himself as to speak them in such a voice that the man should not hear them. But it was incumbent on him to say something that the man should hear. "I will have no meddling in the matter, Flurry. Whether there are foxes or whether there are not, is matter of no great moment. I will not have a word said to annoy Mr. Thorne." Then he rode away, back through the wood and out on to the road, and the horse walked with him leisurely on, whither the archdeacon hardly knew—for he was thinking, thinking, thinking. "Well; if that ain't the damndest thing that ever was," said Flurry; "but I'll tell the squire about Thorne's man, darned if I don't." Now "the squire" was young Squire Gresham, the master of the East Barchester hounds.

But the archdeacon went on thinking, thinking, thinking. He could have heard nothing of his son to stir him more in his favor than this strong evidence of his partiality for foxes. I do not mean it to be understood that the archdeacon regarded foxes as better than active charity, or a contented mind, or a meek spirit, or than self-denying temperance. No doubt all these virtues did hold in his mind their proper places, altogether beyond contamination of foxes. But he had prided himself on thinking that his son should be a country gentleman, and, probably nothing doubting as to the major's active charity and other virtues, was delighted to receive evidence of those tastes which he had ever wished to encourage in his son's character. Or rather, such evidence would have delighted him at any other time than the present. Now it only added more gall to his cup.

"Why should he teach himself to care for such things, when he has not the spirit to enjoy them?" said the archdeacon to himself. "He is a fool—a fool. A man that has been married once, to go crazy after a little girl that has hardly a dress to her back, and who never was in a drawing-room in her life! Charles is the eldest, and he shall be the eldest. It will be better to keep it together. It is the way in which the country has become what it is." He was out nearly all day, and did not see his wife till dinner-time. Her father, Mr. Harding, was still with them, but had breakfasted in his own room. Not a word, therefore, was said about Henry Grantly between the father and mother on that evening.

Mrs. Grantly was determined that, unless provoked, she would say nothing to him till the following morning. He should sleep upon his wrath before she spoke to him again. And he was equally unwilling to recur to the subject. Had she permitted it, the next morning would have passed away, and no word would have been spoken. But this would not have suited her. She had his orders to write, and she had undertaken to obey these orders—with the delay of one day. Were she not to write at all—or in writing to send no message from the father—there would be cause for further anger. And yet this, I think, was what the archdeacon wished.

"Archdeacon," she said, "I shall write to Henry to-day."

"Very well."

"And what am I to say from you?"

"I told you yesterday what are my intentions."

"I am not asking about that now. We hope there will be years and years to come, in which you may change them, and shape them as you will. What shall I tell him now from you?"

"I have nothing to say to him—nothing; not a word. He knows what he has to expect from me, for I have told him. He is acting with his eyes open, and so am I. If he marries Miss Crawley, he must live on his own means. I told him that myself so plainly, that he can want no further intimation." Then Mrs. Grantly knew that she was absolved from the burden of yesterday's message, and she plumed herself on the prudence of her conduct. On the same morning the archdeacon wrote the following note:

"DEAR THORNE: My man tells me that foxes have been trapped on Darvell's farm, just outside the coppices. I know nothing of it myself, but I am sure you'll look to it."

"Yours always,  
 T. GRANTLY."

## CHAPTER XXXIV.—MRS. PROUDIE SENDS FOR HER LAWYER.

THERE was great dismay in Barchester Palace after the visit paid to the bishop and Mrs. Proudie by that terrible clerical offender, Mr. Crawley. It will be remembered, perhaps, how he had defied the bishop with spoken words, and how he had defied the bishop's wife by speaking no words to her. For the moment, no doubt, Mr. Crawley had the best of it. Mrs. Proudie acknowledged to herself that this was the case; but as she was a woman who had never yet succumbed to an enemy, who had never—if on such an occasion I may be allowed to use a schoolboy's slang—taken a licking from any one, it was not likely that Mr. Crawley would be long allowed to enjoy his triumph in peace. It would be odd if all the weight of the palace would not be able to silence a wretch of a perpetual curate who had already been committed to take his trial for thieving; and Mrs. Proudie was determined that all the weight of the palace should be used. As for the bishop, though he was not as angry as his wife, he was quite as unhappy, and therefore quite as hostile to Mr. Crawley; and was fully conscious that there could be no peace for him now until Mr. Crawley should be crushed. If only the assizes would come at once, and get him condemned out of the way, what a blessed thing it would be! But unluckily it still wanted three months to the assizes, and during those three months Mr. Crawley would be at large and subject only to episcopal authority. During that time he could not be silenced by the arm of the civil law. His wife was not long in expressing her opinion after Mr. Crawley had left the palace.

"You must proceed against him in the Court of Arches—and that at once," said Mrs. Proudie. "You can do that, of course? I know that it will be expensive. Of course it will be expensive. I suppose it may cost us some hundreds of pounds; but duty is duty, my lord, and in such a case as this your duty as a bishop is paramount."

The poor bishop knew that it was useless to ex-

plain to her the various mistakes which she made—which she was ever making—as to the extent of his powers and the modes of procedure which were open to him. When he would do so, she would only rail at him for being lukewarm in his office, poor in spirit, and afraid of dealing roundly with those below him. On the present occasion he did say a word, but she would not even hear him to the end.

"Don't tell me about rural deans, as if I didn't know. The rural dean has nothing to do with such a case. The man has been committed for trial. Send for Mr. Chadwick at once, and let steps be taken before you are an hour older."

"But, my dear, Mr. Chadwick can do nothing."

"Then I will see Mr. Chadwick."

And in her anger she did sit down and write a note to Mr. Chadwick, begging him to come over to her at the palace.

Mr. Chadwick was a lawyer, living in Barchester, who earned his bread from ecclesiastical business. His father and his uncle, and his grandfather and granduncles, had all been concerned in the affairs of the diocese of Barchester. His uncle had been bailiff to the Episcopal estates, or steward as he had been called, in Bishop Grantly's time, and still contrived to draw his income in some shape from the property of the see. The nephew had also been the legal assistant of the bishop in his latter days, and had been continued in that position by Bishop Proudie, not from love, but from expediency. Mr. John Chadwick was one of those gentlemen, two or three of whom are to be seen in connection with every see—who seem to be hybrids—half-lawyer, half-cleric. They dress like clerical men, and affect that mixture of clerical solemnity and clerical waggishness which is generally to be found among minor canons and vicar choralists of a cathedral. They live, or at least have their offices, half in the Close and half out of it—dwelling, as it were, just on the borders of holy orders. They always wear white neck-handkerchiefs and black gloves, and would be altogether clerical in their appearance, were it not that as regards the outward man they impinge somewhat on the characteristics of the undertaker. They savor of the church, but the savor is of the church's exterior. Any stranger thrown into chance contact with one of them, would, from instinct, begin to talk of things ecclesiastical, without any reference to things theological or things religious. They are always most worthy men, much respected in the society of the Close, and I never heard of one of them whose wife was not comfortable, or whose children were left without provision.

Such a one was Mr. John Chadwick, and as it was a portion of his duties to accompany the bishop to consecrations and ordinations, he knew Dr. Proudie very well. Having been brought up, as it were, under the very wing of Bishop Grantly, it could not well be that he should love Bishop Grantly's successor. The old bishop and the new bishop had been so different that no man could like, or even esteem, them both. But Mr. Chadwick was a prudent man, who knew well the source from which he earned his bread, and he had never quarreled with Bishop Proudie. He knew Mrs. Proudie also, of necessity, and when I say of him that he had hitherto avoided any open quarrel with her, it will I think be allowed that he was a man of prudence and sagacity.

But he had sometimes been sorely tried, and he felt, when he got her note, that he was now about to encounter a very sore trial. He muttered something which might have been taken for an oath, were it not that the outward signs of the man gave warranty that no oath could proceed from such a one. Then he wrote a short note, presenting his compliments to Mrs. Proudie, and saying that he would call at the palace at eleven o'clock on the following morning.

But, in the meantime, Mrs. Proudie, who could not be silent on the subject for a moment, did learn something of the truth from her husband. The information did not come to her in the way of instruction, but was teased out of the unfortunate man.

"I know that you can proceed against him in the Court of Arches, under the Church Discipline Act," she said.

"No, my dear; no," said the bishop, shaking his head in his misery.

"Or in the Consistorial Court. It's all the same thing."

"There must be an inquiry first—by his brother clergy. There must indeed. It's the only way of proceeding."

"But there has been an inquiry, and he has been committed."

"That doesn't signify, my dear. That's the civil law."

"And if the civil law condemns him, and locks him up in prison, as it most certainly will do?"

"But it hasn't done so yet, my dear. I really think that, as it has gone so far, it will be best to leave it as it is till he has taken his trial."

"What! leave him there after what had occurred this morning in this palace?" The palace with Mrs. Proudie was always a palace, and never a house. "No, no; ten thousand times no. Are you not aware that he insulted you, and grossly, most grossly insulted me? I was never treated with such insolence by any clergyman before, since I came to this place—never, never. And we know the man to be a thief; we absolutely know it. Think, my lord, of the souls of his people!"

"Oh, dear; oh, dear; oh, dear!" said the bishop.

"Why do you fret yourself in that way?"

"Because you will get me into trouble. I tell you the only thing to be done is to issue a commission, with the rural dean at the head of it."

"Then issue a commission."

"And they will take three months."

"Why should they take three months? Why should they take more than three days—or three hours? It is all plain sailing."

"These things are never plain sailing, my dear. When a bishop has to oppose any of his clergy, it is always made as difficult as possible."

"More shame to them for making it so."

"But it is so. If I were to take legal proceedings against him, it would cost—oh, dear!—more than a thousand pounds, I should say."

"If it costs two you must do it."

Mrs. Proudie's anger was still very hot, or she would not have spoken of an unrepresentative outlay of money in such language as that.

THE term *whiskers* is of uncertain derivation, and comparatively modern use; the beard of the ancients comprehending all the hair which grew on the human face. We have extended the application of the latter word, however, till now we speak of the beard of a comet, the beard of an oyster, the beard or barb of an arrow, and the beard of some sorts of vegetables—as the prickles which grow on the ears of corn. From the Teutonic word *hart* the Saxons got *beard*, which word we retain in its ancient simplicity.





POINT JUDITH.—FROM THE ORIGINAL PAINTING BY HEADE, NOW ON EXHIBITION AT THE ACADEMY OF DESIGN, CORNER OF TWENTY-THIRD STREET AND FOURTH AVENUE, N. Y.

## POINT JUDITH.

Our illustration is engraved from the original now on exhibition in the gallery of the New York Academy of Design. The artist, Mr. M. J. Heade, has heretofore been known principally from the minute and brilliant pictures he has painted of the birds of South America. The various varieties of the hummingbirds, and other gorgeously-tinted birds which make the forests of Brazil so brilliant, have been painted by Mr. Heade with great exactness and care. This landscape shows that he is not necessarily limited in his artistic work to this single species of subject. Point Judith is one of the most stormy points upon our northern Atlantic coast, and is well known to travelers upon this route. The view is taken from the shore, just at sunset, as the angry clouds rolling up for a storm are brilliantly lighted by the setting sun, while the breakers are dashing upon the beach.

## Capt. Kidd Secreting Treasures.

WILLIAM KIDD, the pirate, whose adventures form the basis of one of the most popular among the few traditions we have in this country, was, according to the best authorities on the subject of his life, born about the middle of the seventeenth century and executed in London, England, on the 24th of May, 1701. He appears to have followed the sea from his youth, and about 1695 was known as one of the most daring and successful captains who sailed from the port of New York. At this time piratical depredations upon British commerce had become so general, that a joint stock company was organized in England to suppress them. At the suggestion of Colonel Richard Livingston of New York, Kidd received a commission as commander of a ship of thirty guns, named the Adventure Galley. Sailing from Plymouth, England, in April, 1696, he cruised off the American coast, and entering New York to recruit, raised a force of 150 men, and finally sailed for the East Indies and the east coast of Africa. On the voyage he determined to turn pirate himself, and finding the crew favorable to his plan, commenced a career of piratical plundering among the shipping which frequented the coasts of Malabar and Madagascar, returning in 1698 to New York with a large share of booty. A portion of this he buried on Gardiner Island, at the east end of Long Island, and then went to Boston, where he boldly appeared in the public streets, feeling certain that his commission would protect him. His career, however, had made so much talk, that the Earl of Bellmont, who was at the time the Governor of Massachusetts and New York, had him arrested and sent to England for trial. The charge of piracy was difficult to prove, but he was arraigned on a charge of killing one of his crew in a dispute, and after a grossly unfair trial, was hung. His deeds, however, have been the subject of popular romance, and the song, "My name is Captain Kidd, as I sailed, as I sailed," shows how general was the interest they excited. The treasure he had with him when captured, amounting to 738 ounces of gold, 846 ounces of silver, and several bags of ornaments and precious stones, were secured by Bellmont. But according to popular tradition, this amount was only a very small portion of that which he had taken, and at the time, and even down to the present, the shores of Long Island and various places on the Hudson river have been searched for the wealth he had secreted. It is only a very short time ago that one of the rocky shores of the Hudson, along the Palisades, was care-

fully but unsuccessfully searched by some believers in Spiritualism, under the guidance and direction of a medium in whom they had great confidence.

## The New York Museum.

Our illustration represents the façade on Broadway of the New York Museum, which has been built and is under the direction of Mr. Banvard, whose Panorama of the Mississippi River was so popular a few years ago both here and in Europe. This new institution is designed, by its projector to combine all the at-

tractions of a museum with those of a theatre. A fine stock-company has been engaged, and a very pretty theatre fitted up, the stage of which is in some measurements the largest in this city. Beside these attractions, there is also a hall for the exhibition of panoramas, a picture gallery, a diorama, and a collection of stuffed specimens and curiosities of all kinds, which will certainly prove very attractive to all classes of persons. If this new project meets the success which was attained by the Panorama of the Mississippi, it will be all that can be desired, and as the same enterprise and industry which was then displayed will be devoted to making the New York Museum an attractive place of

resort, there is little or no doubt that it will become one of the most popular institutions of New York.

## THE WESTCHESTER CUP.

This race-cup, for the summer meeting at Jerome Park, is of solid silver, and was manufactured by Messrs. Tiffany & Co., from a design made by Mr. Whitehouse. Upon either side stand mounted jockeys, while in the middle is a spirited representation of the legend of Sleepy Hollow. The poor schoolmaster, urging his horse forward, looks back in terror at the headless horseman who pursues him so close. The cup is surmounted with an admirable figure of an Indian, and being of solid silver, is estimated as worth three thousand dollars.

## Story of the Duke of Wellington.

THE Duke of Wellington was duty personified. The following illustrative anecdote has never, we believe, been in print, and came to the present relator through a source which vouches its authenticity. The Duke was also reticent, and not given to communicate his arrangements more openly to his officers than was required for their exact comprehension and the fulfillment of their instructions. It is generally supposed that Lord Hill was second in command at Waterloo, and that he would have assumed the direction of affairs had the great Duke been killed or wounded during the battle. This is a mistake. Lord Uxbridge, afterward Marquis of Anglesea, was senior in rank, by the date of his lieutenant-general's commission, to Lord Hill, and on him the command would have devolved in the possible and not improbable contingency alluded to. The Duke communicated with him most frankly and cordially on all professional points, but from family incidents there was not that perfect unreserve and friendly intercourse in private which otherwise might have been. On the evening of the 17th of June, Lord Uxbridge said to Sir Hussey Vivian, his old friend and brother officer of the Seventh Hussars, "I am very unpleasantly situated. There will be a great battle to-morrow. The Duke, as we all know, exposes himself without reserve, and will, in all probability, do so more than ever on this occasion. If an unlucky shot should strike him, and I find myself suddenly in command, I have not the most distant idea of what his intentions are. I would give the world to know, as they must be profoundly calculated, and far beyond any I could hit upon for myself in a sudden crisis. We are not personally intimate enough to allow me to ask or hint the question. What shall I do?" "Consult Alava," replied Vivian. "He is evidently more in the Duke's confidence than any one else, and will perhaps undertake to speak to him." Lord Uxbridge followed the suggestion, rode over to headquarters, and finding General Alava, stated the object of his visit. "I agree with you," said the Spaniard; "the question is serious; but honored as I am by the Duke's confidence, I dare not propose it to him. I think, however, that you can and ought to do so. If you like I will tell him you are here." Lord Uxbridge, not without reluctance, consented, and being introduced to the Duke's apartments, with some hesitation stated, as delicately as he could, the matter which disturbed him. The Duke listened until Lord Uxbridge ceased to speak; his features indicated no emotion; and when he replied, it was without impatience, surprise, or any alteration of his usual manner. After a short pause he said, "Who do you expect will attack to-morrow, I or Bonaparte?" "Bonaparte, I suppose," answered Lord Uxbridge. "Well, then," rejoined the Duke, "he has not told me his plans; how then can I tell you mine, which must depend on his." Lord Uxbridge said no more; he had nothing more to say. The Duke seeing that he looked a little blank, laid his hand gently on his shoulder; "But one thing, Uxbridge," he observed, "is quite certain; come what may, you and I will both do our duty. And so, with a cordial pressure of the hand, they parted.



CAPT. KIDD SECRETING TREASURES.



## VIEWS IN THE MAMMOTH CAVE, KENTUCKY.—From Photographs by Proctor and O'Shaughnessy.



ENTRANCE TO THE MAMMOTH CAVE, KENTUCKY.

## Views from the Mammoth Cave, Kentucky.

We give this week a series of illustrations of various points of interest in the Mammoth Cave of Kentucky. The first of the series represents the entrance to the cave, from which during the summer a constant current of cool air is blowing. The various views of the interior were photographed by the aid of the magnesium light, and we are indebted to Messrs. Proctor & O'Shaughnessy, who took the negatives, for the copies from which our illustrations are engraved. The introduction of this process is one of the greatest triumphs of modern science, and though quite recent, has, as is seen in our illustrations, been made of great service. The Mammoth Cave is in a limestone formation, and being impregnated with saltpetre, the atmosphere is very dry and has a wonderfully preservative effect. So marked is this effect, that some years ago it was proposed to cure consumption by living in the cave, and for this purpose some small houses were built in one of the large chambers. The plan, however, did not meet with favor, since the loneliness of living in such solitude was more injurious to the spirits than the air was beneficial to the body. The Mammoth Cave is, however, one of the pleasantest places of resort for tourists, and should be seen at least once by those who are desirous of studying the curiosities of the country. To explore it thoroughly takes two days, the first being occupied with the short trip, and the second with an expedition to the end of the cave, which takes the whole day for going and returning, since the last chamber is estimated as distant nine miles from the mouth.

## Branding Cattle on the Prairies of Texas.

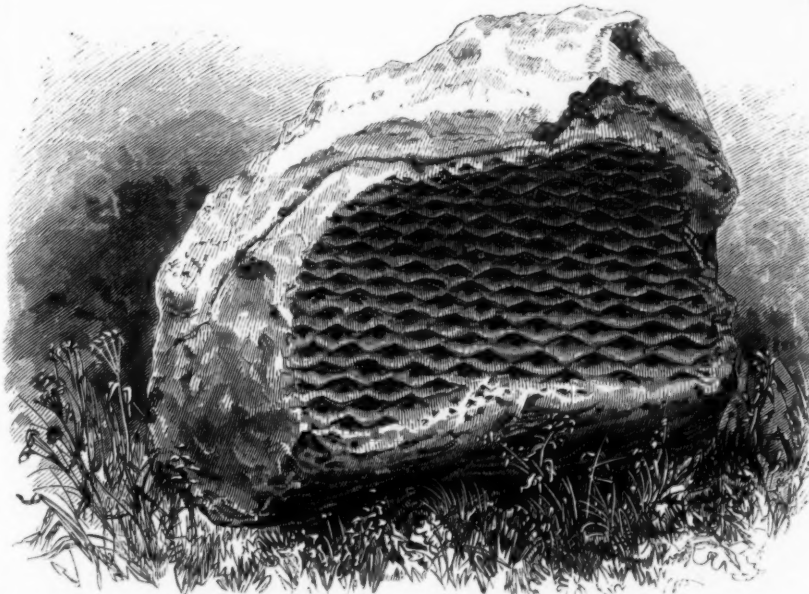
The only mark of ownership of the immense herds of cattle which wander free over the prairies of Texas, is the brand, which is made with a sharp-pointed weapon, that leaves a scar upon the animal. Our illustration shows the manner in which the animals are secured with a lasso and thrown to the ground. While the animal is thus rendered helpless, another man dismounts and strikes him, generally upon the flank, with

the branding-iron, and the animal is then allowed to go free. Our illustration also represents the mirage constantly seen upon these prairies, which in its effects



ENTRANCE TO THE LONG ROUTE BEHIND GRANT'S COFFIN, MAMMOTH CAVE, KENTUCKY.

resembles those seen so frequently in the desert or at sea. The effect of this distant duplication of the scene is extremely novel and startling.



SANDSTONE ROCK FOUND IN MAMMOTH CAVE, KENTUCKY.

## The Departure of the Steamship Quaker City with the Excursionists for the Holy Land.

We represent in this week's issue the departure of the steamship Quaker City from New York, on a trip to the Holy Land. The vessel has been hired by a party of excursionists, and is intended to stop at all the chief seaports of Europe on her way past Spain and France, up the Mediterranean to Alexandria. The programme of arrangements is most carefully made, everything possible has been provided for the entertainment of the travelers, and the trip will unquestionably be the most entertaining one ever made in this way. Among the passengers on the Quaker City, there will be several representatives of the press, as well as of the pulpit, and also of the stage. The rest of the company consists of persons from various sections of the country and of various professions and pursuits. Among them is Mr. Greenwood, the agent for Barnum's Museum, who goes out for the purpose of securing antiquities, relics and curiosities from all points of interest which shall be visited by the expedition, and the collection thus made, will be placed in a special department in the Museum, and eventually removed to the Free National Museum, the plans for which are now in preparation. Mr. Greenwood invites the aid of other members of the party in assisting him to form such a collection, and will doubtless find it freely accorded to him, while his own experience in making such collections is a guarantee that he will make the best use of the great advantages the trip will offer him for this purpose.

## THE MINSTREL'S COURT.

In the fourth year of King Richard II. Duke John instituted the celebrated "Minstrel's Court" at Tutbury. This was a corporation subject to the government of a chief, under the title of King of the Minstrels. The instrument for investing him with this authority is thus translated from the original Norman-French:

"John b the Grace of God, King of Castile and



CORINTHIAN COLUMNS IN THE MAMMOTH CAVE, KENTUCKY.



GRAND CROSSING, PENACOLA AVENUE, MAMMOTH CAVE, KENTUCKY.



Leon, Duke of Lancaster, to all who shall see or hear these our letters, greeting. Know ye that we have ordained, constituted and assigned to our well-beloved the King of the Minstrels, in our honor of Tutbury, who is, or for the time shall be, to apprehend or arrest all the minstrels in our said honor and franchises that refuse to do the service and attendance which appertains them to do, from ancient times at Tutbury afore-said, yearly, on the days of the Assumption of our Lady; giving and granting to the said King of the Minstrels, for the time being, full power and commandment to make them reasonably to justify, and to constrain them to perform, their services and attendance, in manner as belongeth to them, and has been here used, and of ancient times accustomed.

By this instrument, it appears that the Duke of Lancaster, before that time, considered these minstrels as his vassals, and expected certain services from them, which, in all probability, being irregularly paid, rendered some rules or regulations absolutely necessary.

He then, in addition to the power given to the king, soon afterward established the Minstrel's Court, in which all plaints and controversies among the minstrels might be heard and determined. It was held annually before the steward of the honor on the 16th of August; and the jury, who consisted of minstrels, elected four stewards, one of whom was to be king for the ensuing year. These officers had full power and authority to levy and distrain for all such fines as were inflicted by the jury of the court upon any minstrel for the infraction of such orders as were then made for the government of that society; and the amount of such fines was returned at every audit by the steward, one half of which was pocketed by the Duke of Lancaster, and the other was kept by the stewards for their trouble.

The singular court thus established continued for many years, and orders were annually issued for the better government of a body always very much inclined to be refractory. Indeed, in this respect, it would be a matter of difficulty to decide whether, in the olden time, the apprentices or the minstrels were the most obstreperous. As a specimen of what these orders were, the following, of the date of Charles I., is given:

"That no person shall use or exercise the art and science of music within the said counties, as a common musician or minstrel, for benefit and gain, except he have served and been brought up in the same art and science, by the space of seven years, and be allowed and admitted so to do at the said court by the jury thereof; and by the consent of the steward of the said court for the time being, on pain of forfeiting, for every month that he shall so offend, 3s. 4d. And that no musician or minstrel shall take into his service to teach and instruct any one in the said art and science, for any shorter time than for the space of seven years, under the pain of forfeiting for every such offense 40s. And that all the musicians and minstrels above mentioned shall appear yearly at the court called the Minstrel's Court, on pain of forfeiting for every default, according to old custom, 3s. 4d."

**SIGNS OF THE TIMES.**—There is much significance in the Latin words which Dr. Gouraud has had inscribed on the pictorial front of his beautiful store, 453 Broadway, which the ladies will find filled with cosmetics, perfumery, and those delicate *bijouterie* so indispensable to their dressing-room. Dr. Gouraud has lived through all the financial crises since 1837, and therefore the appropriateness of his motto of "*Labor omnia vincit improbus, et duris urgens opes*," which means, "Severe and continued toil, under the pressure of want, conquers every difficulty"—an aphorism equally applicable to the chemist and the merchant.

#### The Barnum & Van Amburgh Museum and Menagerie Co.

Broadway, between Spring and Prince streets.  
OBSERVE! OBSERVE!  
A MAGNIFICENT ATTRACTION!!!  
EVERY AFTERNOON AT 2½—EVENING AT 8.  
The splendid Spectacular Play of the  
LAST DAYS OF POMPEII,

produced on  
A SCALE OF UNEQUALLED GRANDEUR.

The celebrated  
PROF. HUTCHINGS, LIGHTNING CALCULATOR,  
will deliver lectures upon Mathematics, and give practical illustrations, at intervals, day and evening.

On exhibition at all hours,  
FROM SUNRISE UNTIL 10 O'CLOCK P. M.,  
OVER 300,000 CURIOSITIES.

REMARKABLE NOVELTIES JUST ADDED.  
A MAMMOTH FAT INFANT,  
4 years old, weighs 220 lbs.

A GIANTNESS, DWARF, CIRCASSIAN GIRL.  
A LIVING ALLIGATOR—16 feet long—together with  
2 YOUNG.

SAKIS, or WHISKERED MONKEY—very rare.  
A YELLOW JAPANESE EEL.

300 SPECIMENS OF LIVING AUSTRALIAN BIRDS.  
LIVING SNAKES, MONKEYS, LEARNED SEAL.  
HAPPY FAMILY, GRAND AQUARIA, etc.

Admission 30 cents; Children under ten, 15 cents.

#### The International Caledonian Games,

given by the  
NEW YORK CALEDONIAN CLUB,

will be held at  
JONES'S WOOD,

On THURSDAY, June 27th 1867.

Tickets 50 cents.

**Holloway's Pills.**—When the liver, which furnishes the most essential element of the blood, is irregular in its action, there is no remedy so immediate, harmless and infallible as these Pills.

#### Dr. T. Felix Gouraud's

CELEBRATED  
ITALIAN MEDICATED SOAP

IS A WELL-KNOWN CURE FOR TAN, PIMPLES,  
FRECKLES, ERUPTIONS, TETTERS, BARBER'S  
ITCH, MORPHEW, ERYSIPELAS, BLOTCHES,  
CHAPS, CHAFES, SUN-BURN, TENDER  
FLESH, ETC., ETC., ETC.

As a beautifier of the complexion and as a clarifier of the human cuticle this admirable emollient is universally admitted to be beyond the reach of rivalry. It is notable that among the tens of thousands who have used it the past twenty-five years in the cure of the above complaints, not a solitary complaint has ever been made; on the contrary, the numberless voluntary testimonials which have been presented to its inventor team with laudations of its medical and rejuvenating virtues. It also prevents the formation of wrinkles, and has also the power of removing them when formed. Fifty cents a cake.

GOURAUD'S ORIENTAL CREAM, or Magical Beautifier. Endorsed by the fashionable world. The best cosmetic ever invented. \$1.50 a bottle.

GOURAUD'S POUDRE SUBTILE positively uproots hair from low foreheads, upper lips, or any part of the body. Warranted. \$1 a bottle. This article is imitated, which imitations are utterly worthless and dangerous.

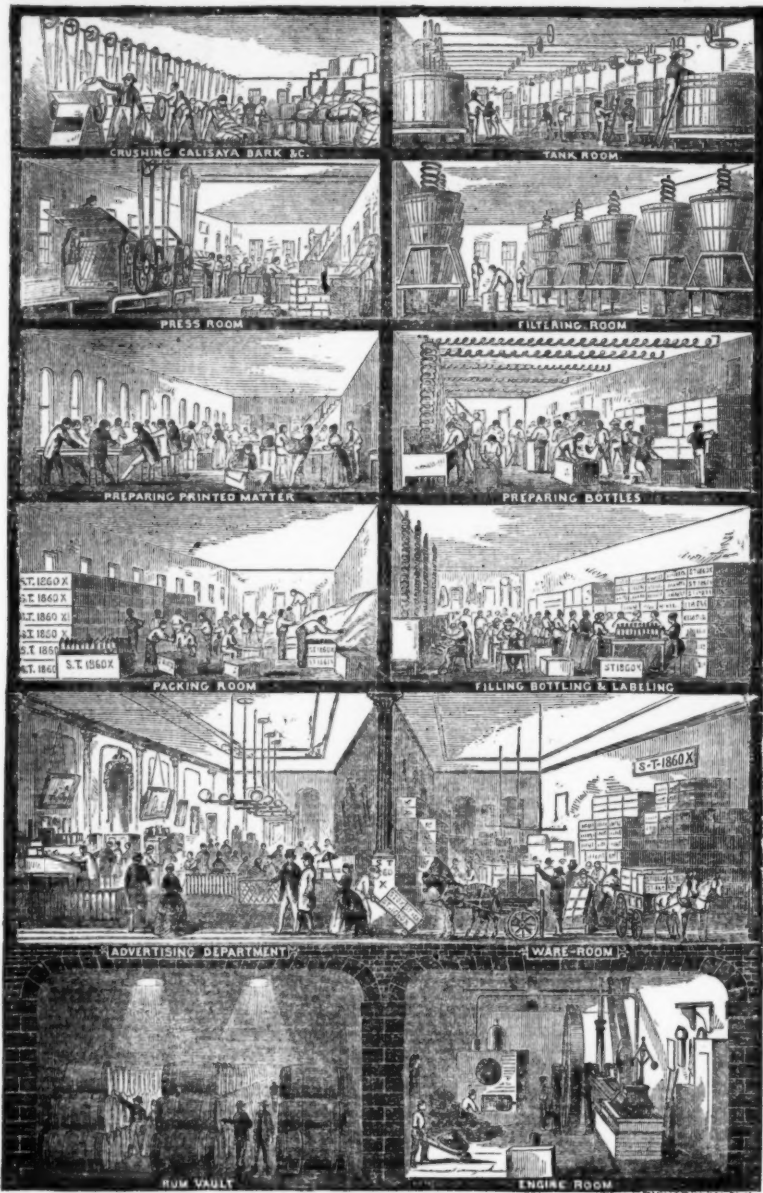
LIQUID ROUGE, for pale lips and cheeks. A permanent stain, immovable except by washing with soap and water. Fifty cents a bottle.

LILY WHITE is another addition to a lady's toilet, and must not be confounded with the many imitations flooding the cities. GOURAUD'S LILY WHITE, when applied to the skin after washing, effects a surprising but most pleasing change in the personal appearance. It renders the skin soft and silky, and imparts to it a clearness and brilliancy after using GOURAUD'S SOAP impossible to conceive. Thirty-five cents a box, which will be forwarded gratis. If doubts, compare with the cheap imitations, and detect the difference in color and quantity. Can be had at his old depot, established over a quarter of a century, at 453 BROADWAY.

Agents.—Evans, at 150 N. Eighth street, Philadelphia; Bates, 129 Washington street, Boston; Weldon, Hartford; and Druggists generally.

**The Yankee Poddler.**—An Illustrated Comic Monthly, for all that want to *lay* and grow *plaid*. 5 cents a year. Sample 10 cents. Box 190, Norwalk, Connecticut.

## Laboratory of P. H. Drake & Co., New York.



**THE UNPRECEDENTED GROWTH OF THE BUSINESS OF MESSRS. P. H. DRAKE & CO.,** of New York, is one of the wonders of this enterprising country. But a few years ago these gentlemen commenced the manufacture of the now celebrated PLANTATION BITTERS and MAGNOLIA WATER, in a common barrel, in an obscure location. The reputation of the aforesaid goods spread faster than their ability to supply orders. There was hardly a nook or a corner of the civilized world which did not bear evidence of their enterprise and presence. Hogsheads gave way to tanks, single rooms to whole buildings, the hand-press to steam-engines. Material became exhausted. One agent was dispatched to South America to procure Calisaya; another to the West Indies to manufacture St. Croix Rum; while most of the shareholders were engaged preserving roots and herbs. The above is a photographic sectional interior view of their present Laboratory, at 105 and 107 Liberty street, New York. The value of the buildings, fixtures and material on hand, is not less than \$300,000. Near one hundred hands and several teams are kept employed. They pay the press near \$100,000 per annum; and their total receipts are about the same as those of the New York and New Haven Railroad. It is useless to say such results could exist without merit. *Viva la PLANTATION S. T. 1860, X!*

## VAN BUSKIRK'S FRAGRANCE SOZODONT



For Cleansing and Preserving the  
**TEETH**

**INVALIDS' WHEEL CHAIRS,**  
for in or out-door use, \$20 to \$40.  
INVALIDS' CARRIAGES to order.  
PATENT CANTERING HORSES, \$12 to \$25. CHILD'S CARRIAGES, SWINGS, Etc.  
Send for Circulars.  
W. SMITH, 90 William St.

**Wanted—A Good Man in every Town and County in the Union,** to sell a Patented Article used in every household, shop, office, hotel, store and public building, railroad cars, steamboats, etc. Persons already engaged are making immense incomes, and the demand for the article never ceases. Your customers once obtained, your income is great and perpetual. Full and satisfactory particulars sent to all who may apply. Address C. M. BROWN, 74 Broecker street, New York.

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With all the latest improvements.  
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#### DON'T BE IDLE.

Call and examine an invention urgently needed by everybody, or a sample sent free by mail for 50 cents, that retails easily for \$6, by R. L. WOLCOTT, 170 Chatham square, N. Y. 613-64

## Ireland for the Irish!

**RHYMES AND REASONS  
AGAINST  
LANDLORDISM!**

WITH REMARKS ON  
**FENIANISM AND REPUBLICANISM**

BY  
**W. J. LINTON,**

Formerly of the Irish Nation. For sale by the  
AMERICAN NEWS CO., 121 Nassau Street, New York.

PRICE, FIFTY CENTS.

**Wanted—A few Agents on Salary.**

Send two stamps to LASSELLE & WHITE, 7 West Broadway, New York.

#### AGENTS WANTED.

THE COMPLETE HERBALIST; or, THE PEOPLE THEIR OWN PHYSICIANS BY THE USE OF HERBAL REMEDIES, is the title of one of the best family books that has ever been offered to the public. The rapid sale of this book, and the large commission allowed, enables a good agent to make easily from \$20 to \$30 per day. Address for full particulars the author and publisher, DR. O. PHELPS BROWN, No. 19 Grand street, Jersey City, N. J.

## The Bankers' and Merchants'

## GRAND PRESENTATION ENTERTAINMENT!

Special, Important and Last Notice.

It will most positively take place at

**IRVING HALL,**

on the EVENING of JULY 4th, 1867.

The Largest, Greatest, and most Successful Enterprise ever inaugurated in the world.

A PRIZE WITH EVERY TICKET!

A GIFT WITH EVERY TICKET!

A PRESENT WITH EVERY TICKET!

The Grand Distribution of Presents will be conducted on the Mutual Benefit Principle.

A Pro Rata Distribution of Profits to Ticket Holders.

**CAPITAL - \$1,287,148.**

**TICKETS ONE DOLLAR EACH**

A Present with Every Ticket.

A reference to the number of presents and the general plan of distribution, given below, will convince even the most skeptical of the great advantages which will accrue to all who participate in the enterprise; and the commercial and financial standing of the company, and the managers and bankers thereof, will, they hope, prove a sufficient guarantee of the fairness and impartiality with which every thing in connection with it will be conducted, and that the interests of ticket-holders will be most strictly watched over and guarded. In fact, it is the desire of the managers to conduct every transaction for the mutual benefit of whoever shall purchase a ticket, and so judiciously to avoid any and everything which could in the least degree diminish the profits which are likely to accrue to all who invest.

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#### LIST OF CASH PRIZES.

Eight Hundred and Fifty in number, amounting to Two Hundred and Fifty Thousand Dollars.

#### CASH, \$250,000!!

1 Cash Prize.....	at \$75,000	\$75,000
1 Cash Prize.....	at 50,000	50,000
1 Cash Prize.....	at 25,000	25,000
2 Cash Prizes.....	at 10,000	20,000
3 Cash Prizes.....	at 5,000	15,000
4 Cash Prizes.....	at 3,000	12,000
5 Cash Prizes.....	at 2,000	10,000
6 Cash Prizes.....	at 1,000	6,000
11 Cash Prizes.....	at 500	5,500
20 Cash Prizes.....	at 200	4,000
40 Cash Prizes.....	at 100	4,000
75 Cash Prizes.....	at 50	3,750
140 Cash Prizes.....	at 25	3,500
150 Cash Prizes.....	at 20	3,000
175 Cash Prizes.....	at 10	1,750
200 Cash Prizes.....	at 5	1,000

864 Cash Prizes, amounting to..... \$250,000

#### PIANOS.

33 Steinway's Grand Seven-Octave....		
33 Chickering's " " " " " " " "		
218 Melodeons.....		\$92,545

#### SEWING MACHINES.

383 of Wheeler & Wilson's.....		
303 of Singer's.....		72,275

#### DIAMONDS.

16 full sets Ear-rings and Pins.....		
93 Fine Cluster Rings.....		
5 Cluster Pins.....		101,150

#### FINE GOLD WATCHES

443 Ladies' and Gents' Gold Watches....		73,319
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815 Ladies' and Gents' Silver Watches...		29,744
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Assorted Prizes..... 668,015

**Total Value of Prizes, \$1,287,148**

Immediately after the Grand Distribution, a list of the Prizes awarded will be printed, and sent to each ticket-holder.

This will be the Fair and Most Impartial Plan of Distribution yet offered to the Public.

To this end they have consigned the sale of tickets and the registering of the same to CLARK, WEBSTER & CO., Bankers and Managers, No. 62 Broadway, New York, who will keep the records in their custody until the day of the Grand Presentation Entertainment, when they will be handed over to a committee selected by the audience to make an impartial distribution of the presents.

**TICKETS ONE DOLLAR EACH**

For Sale at the Banking-house of Clark, Webster & Co., No. 62 Broadway, New York, or sent by mail on receipt of price and stamp for return postage.

#### Special Terms or Club Rates:

Any party procuring a Club of five or more names for tickets, and sending us the money for the same, will be allowed the following commission:

We will send five tickets to one address for \$4 60; ten tickets to one address for \$9 10; twenty tickets to one address for \$17 75; thirty tickets to one address for \$26 60; forty tickets to one address for \$36 80; fifty tickets to one address for \$44 40; one hundred tickets to one address for \$87.

In order that every subscriber's name may be registered, send the P. O. address, with Town, County and State in full.

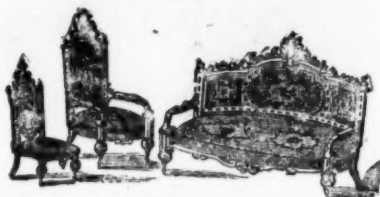
Money by draft, Post-Office order, express, or in registered letters may be sent at our risk. All communications must be addressed to

**CLARK, WEBSTER & CO.,**  
No. 62 Broadway, N. Y.



DEGRAAF & TAYLOR,

87 and 89 Bowery, 65 Chrystie, and 130 and 132 Hester Street, New York.



Still continue to keep the largest stock of Parlor Dining and Bedroom Furniture, of any house in the United States, which they offer to the Wholesale and Retail trade at a discount of twenty per cent. from old prices.

Also,

BEDDING AND SPRING BEDS,

A GREAT VARIETY.

THE Union Pacific RAILROAD CO.

Are now constructing a Railroad from Omaha, Nebraska, westward toward the Pacific Ocean, making with its connections an unbroken line ACROSS THE CONTINENT.

The Company now offer a limited amount of their First Mortgage Bonds,

having thirty years to run, and bearing annual interest, payable on the first day of January and July, in the city of New York, at the rate of

SIX PER CENT IN GOLD,

AT

Ninety Cents on the Dollar.

This road was completed from Omaha 305 miles west on the 1st of January, 1867, and is fully equipped, and trains are regularly running over it. The Company has now on hand sufficient iron, ties, etc., to finish the remaining portion to the eastern base of the Rocky Mountains, 212 miles, which is under contract to be done September 1st of this year, and it is expected that the entire road will be in running order from Omaha to its western connection with the Central Pacific, now being rapidly built eastward from Sacramento, Cal., during 1870.

Means of the Company.

Estimating the distance to be built by the Union Pacific to be 1,565 miles, the United States Government issues its Six per cent. Thirty-year Bonds to the Company as the road is finished at the average rate of about \$28,250 per mile, amounting to \$44,208,000.

The Company is also permitted to issue its own First Mortgage Bonds to an equal amount, and at the same time, which by SPECIAL ACT OF CONGRESS ARE MADE A FIRST MORTGAGE ON THE ENTIRE LINE, the bonds of the United States being subordinate to them.

The Government makes a donation of 12,000 acres of land to the mile, amounting to 20,032,000 acres, estimated to be worth \$30,000,000, making the total resources, exclusive of the capital, \$118,416,000; but the full value of the lands cannot now be realized.

The authorized Capital Stock of the Company is one hundred million dollars, of which five millions have already been paid in, and of which it is not supposed that more than twenty-five millions at most will be required.

The cost of the road is estimated by competent engineers to be about one hundred million dollars, exclusive of equipment.

Prospects for Business.

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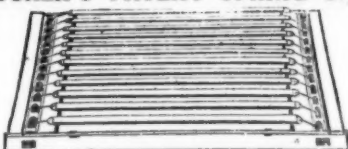
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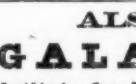
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